RESTALRIG;

OR,

THE FORFEITURE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

ST JOHNSTOUN, OR JOHN EARL OF GOWRIE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

The People suffer when the Prince offends.

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RESTALRIG:

OR,

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CHAPTER XI.

You are welcome, gentleman!—come musicians play,
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.

SHAKESPEARE.

Now this mask was cry'd incomparable;
And the ensuing night made it a fool and a beggar.

SHAKESPEARE.

We trust it will be remembered by our readers, that Rosa Grey, in the conversation held with her cousin, when first presented to their notice, expressed her determination to see and judge of the person to whom she had been betrothed. She was therefore no sooner informed by her indulgent

aunt Lady Carey, of Logan's arrival in London, than she confided to her the earnest wish which she had so long indulged, of accomplishing this object, on which so much of her future happiness appeared to her to depend. Nor was it possible for this kind relation, who loved Rosa with the tenderest affection, to listen to all her reasonings on the subject, prompted as they were by the most generous and noble feeling, without promising her assistance toward the accomplishment of her wishes. At the same time, she assured Rosa that Sir Robert was determined to prevent any meeting between Logan and herself, and that the only way in which she would dare to interfere, would be by entreating the aid of her royal mistress.

In pursuance of this plan, therefore, Lady Carey did not fail to let the Queen immediately into their secret, to which she lent a most gracious ear. Rosa having been always a favourite with her Majesty, on account of the love that was borne her by her daughter the Princess Elizabeth, who, possessing an early talent for discrimination, had frequently selected her as her companion in private parties of amusement, or when she figured, at the desire of her Royal Mother, in some courtly

pageant. Thus " the good Queen Anne," as she was called by her English subjects, in requital for her condescending manners to the middle and lower classes, desired Lady Carey to inform her niece, that his Majesty presently intended a visit to his favourite hunting quarters at Royston, and that, during his absence, she would order a masque, at which Logan should be commanded to attend, and where Rosa, assuming the light coloured tresses of her cousin Isabella, could meet him without suspicion, and probe his inclinations toward herself in perfect safety.

This project meeting the entire approbation of Rosa, it was with equal delight that her betrothed and herself were made acquainted with the departure of his Majesty, and the precise night on which the masque was to take place, which promised so much satisfaction to them both, though for very different reasons; Logan, anticipating his promised interview with the Queen, as the means of discovering her intentions toward him, by which he was of necessity to steer his future course.

Thus it was that he hailed with pleasure the

sounds of mirth and revelry in the spacious halls of Denmark House, as he passed through them in the train of Prince Henry, accompanied by several young men, habited like himself, in fictitious armour. These suits were curiously wrought with the needle, on thick silks, so as to imitate the inlaying of gold and silver, and so artfully stuffed and jointed, as to deceive the eye with an appearance of massy reality, while the wearers reaped the benefit of the contrivance in its comparative lightness, and that degree of flexibility which did not diminish the natural grace of the person. A helmet worn with its visor closed, and ornamented with a lofty plume of feathers, of the same colour of the armour, completed these elegant habiliments. The whole suit of Prince Henry appeared to be composed of silver scales, while that of Logan was green, inlaid with gold, and that worn by our old friend Lord Algerton was black and silver; the latter young man being chosen, on this occasion, as one of the Prince's companions, from his natural advantages of figure. We need not specify the colours of the other young knights, four in number, who were members of this band

of chivalry, as our story is wholly unconnected with them, except as they formed the company of the Prince.

When the party was ushered into the extensive hall prepared for the pageant, Logan thought all the perfumes of Arabia seemed to float on the air; so many sweet odours being exhaled from the costly vases which ornamented the apartment, and from the clothes of the courtly assemblage; for the use of musk, with various essences, aromatic gums, and spices, was there considered as indispensable to all who could afford to regale themselves with such luxuries, and by none perhaps so much as the Queen, whose predilection for sweet odours had grown to an absolute passion.

But, if the sense addressed by this gale of perfumes was overpowered almost to intoxication, those of sight and hearing were assailed in an equal degree. The taste for splendour in the Scottish Queen, as depicted in our last story, had, instead of diminishing, since her occupation of the English throne, rather increased, in proportion to the facilities afforded to its gratification. It was therefore not in vain that she had fallen heir to all the splendid trappings of her predecessor Eliza-

beth, whose moderate use of them, and the occasions for their display, she scorned to imitate, with all other parts of conduct in that prudent and frugal sovereign, ever prompting her royal consort to make frequent and heavy demands upon the purses of his subjects, for supply of his family expenditure. Thus, the Queen's passion for magnificence, and her means of gratifying it, were both increased in a tenfold degree, and in nothing was it so often exhibited as in expensive and splendid pageants; among which, masqued balls, mingled with the performance of dramatic pieces, were usually preferred to every other species of amusement. And surely the wit of Ben Johnson, on whom she devolved the task of providing for this appetite, might have formed a good apology for such a craving, even in a taste much more refined than Queen Anne's is represented to have been. For though the mere fable in these effusions of this celebrated man appears always to fail in interest, yet the poetry is fine, and, when accompanied with the advantages of appropriate music, machinery, and splendid dress, they were calculated to have a grand and imposing effect on the tastes of that ruder age.

The piece in which our hero was about to perform his part, had been written hurriedly by Johnson for the occasion. It was, as Sir Robert Carey had said, taken from one of the old chivalric romances, — the part selected for representation being simply the story of a young Princess carried off, with her female attendants, to the castle of a mighty giant, and reclaimed, on the complaint of her mother, by the valour of a Prince and his company of young knights, on one of whom, as more particularly her deliverer, she is bestowed in marriage. It is not, however, our intention to enter into any detailed description of this little drama, as there are still to be found many of these pieces by the same author, possessed of far superior attractions, — the admiration her Majesty expressed on their representation having caused them to multiply during her day of power. Indeed, so much did she delight in them, that she sometimes exhibited as one of the characters; witness Secretary Winwood's ludicrous account of the Queen and her ladies, having their faces and arms painted black, in order to their personating Moors, by which they imparted a por-

tion of their own sombre hue to the countenances of the gallants, whose bounden duty it was to kiss their dusky hands as they led them to and from the dance. In the apartment which was the usual scene of theatrical amusements, was now placed at its lower end a ponderous machine, rising nearly to the top of the lofty ceiling, and bearing the appearance of a castle battlemented, turreted, and moated, with its drawbridge raised. Before it was a considerable space, divided from the rest of the room by a temporary railing, except at the upper part of it, where the Queen's chair of state was placed, under a rich canopy of crimson and gold-cloth, and where her Majesty was already sitting, attired in her own gorgeous fashion.—A stool by her side was occupied by the lovely Princess Elizabeth, her young and fair daughter, who, habited in a garment of the finest and purest white lawn, with her long and flowing dark tresses (inherited from her grandmother, the beautiful Mary of Scotland), bound with a garland of rosebuds, looked the picture of smiling innocence, while her countenance was lighted up with a girlish expectation of amusement.

The space to the right and left, and behind the throne, was occupied by the ladies of the court, and the invited guests, intermixed with a gay throng of young gallants. All these seemed to await with interest the arrival of the Prince and his party; for even the lower part of the room was already filled with those whose humbler pretensions, though not such as to exclude them in those days from witnessing the court diversions, yet kept them, as it may be supposed, at the greatest possible distance from the scene of action: For many of the rich citizens' wives, we are told, were admitted, during the reign of James I., to his palaces on such occasions, by the favour of the court sparks; it being at the same time insinuated, that the more beauty they possessed, the greater was their chance for such favour.

But we return to the Prince, who, on his entrance, ranged himself with his little band, midway the room, on the side where they entered, until their presence having attracted general attention, a herald came forward and made proclamation in the name of the Queen, the supposed mother of the enthralled Princess, promising her

favour and a rich reward to any knight who should deliver her daughter, with the other fair damsels, from the power of the giant, that forcibly detained them in the castle then in sight.

After this ceremony had been twice repeated, the Prince, making his way with his attendant knights to the foot of the throne, asked permission of her Majesty, in a poetical speech, to undertake this enterprise, swearing by all the bright eyes that then looked upon him, not to abandon it until he and his knights had rescued the captive Princess, or died in the attempt.

Leave to undertake this adventure being thus obtained, he advanced with his little company into the open space before the castle, where, blowing a hunting-horn that hung at his side, he ordered the castle to surrender immediately, or dared its gigantic owner to single combat. Some short time having elapsed after this summons, a hideously mishapen dwarf, in a visor of horrible feature, appeared upon the battlements above, and, in harsh and growling accents, demanded who it was that had so rudely disturbed the slumbers of the mighty giant, his master. To this the

Prince made answer, in measured speech, that he had arrived with a band of valiant and renowned knights, who, together with himself, had sworn to [illegible] mother of the Princess, there detained, to deliver from the power of his wicked master her beauteous daughter, with the fair maidens her attendants. The dwarf replied, that he should immediately inform his puissant master of this most audacious and weak attempt, for which he doubted not to see him and his company chastised, even with the loss of their worthless lives. This threat being pronounced, he disappeared from the battlement, and presently the drawbridge being lowered, there stalked across it, much to the delectation of the spectators, the figure of the huge giant himself, who, not less than eight feet in height, and broad in proportion, was armed with a club of tremendous size, which he brandished with the same dexterity and seeming ease that an expert cudgel-player manages his slighter weapon. A contention now arose among the knights, who each pressed upon the Prince with his petition that he might be allowed to encounter him. These requests were, however, denied, from its not con-

sisting, as it seemed, with the honour of the Prince of England, that this mighty enemy should be vanquished by any but his own arm. The young knights, therefore, withdrew to a little distance, while the combatants met in the middle of the space appropriated to their use,—and presently all eyes were fixed upon the Prince and his formidable antagonist, the strokes of whose ponderous club he parried with the most astonishing dexterity, while the agility and grace of his movements drew the loudest plaudits from those who witnessed this well-ordered, though apparently unequal strife. But the attention of the spectators became presently divided by another pair of combatants, for the dwarf sallying forth, sword in hand, singled out the knight in the black armour, whom he furiously attacked.

Those who understood the secret details of the night's entertainment, were astonished at this unlooked for and gratuitous combat; but, supposing it a mere jeu d'esprit of the dwarf to add zest to the piece, no one interfered to prevent a trial of skill between him and the person he had singled out, who, appearing a most experienced fencer,

and one whose finely proportioned figure formed so extraordinary and striking a contrast to his diminutive enemy, excited general interest in his favour, which was often expressed by the lookers on, at the expence of bitter sarcasms on the appearance of the little scaramouch, who had dared him to the lists. After this deformed wretch had, however, plied his weapon with astonishing dexterity for a length of time, without his favoured rival's having gained a foot of ground, or the slightest advantage, he began to come in for his share of applause, which was soon redoubled, when, after making various evolutions round the young knight, resembling those of a monkey round his keeper, he suddenly rushed in upon him, and, tripping him up, laid him on his back, in the twinkling of an eye. It took him even less time to throw himself on his breast, and tear with one strong clutch the helmet from his head, which, casting from him, he rose, and, exerting his harsh voice to its utmost pitch, yelled out in eldritch tones that echoed through the lofty hall,—

" Behold all ye his compeers, the handsome and gifted Lord Algerton defeated, and beaten to

the earth by a despised and contemned dwarf;" and, giving a screech of triumph as he vanished through the crowd at the lower end of the room, he was gone before the cries of "Stop the imp," "Lay hold on the dwarf," could even reach his ears, and before Lord Algerton, who had been in a slight degree stunned by the fall, had time to spring on his feet, amid the peals of laughter called forth by his ludicrous disaster. He, however, picked up his helmet, and, looking indignantly around him, while his countenance was pale with rage, he strode out of the apartment, uttering curses on the contriver of his disaster, who he knew full well to be that defrauded brother that had thus publicly wreaked his hatred on him, in a way so degrading to his prowess, and insulting to his cherished consequence.

Meanwhile the battle between the Prince and the giant was also brought to an end, for the latter having received a final thrust in the stuffing of his unweildy body, measured his length upon the ground; the additional head which he carried on his own proper one, was severed from its fastenings, and displayed as a trophy to be presented to

the Queen. Nothing now barred the free entrance of the Prince and his companions into the giant's castle, from which they returned in a short space, each leading by the hand a masked damsel. It may be presumed that their choice was directed by the Prince, as Rosa fell to the share of our hero, and the Lady Frances Howard, daughter of the Earl of Suffolk, to that of his Highness, for whom it was more than suspected at the time he felt a strong attachment. This predilection was supposed to be encouraged by the Queen, in spite of the ceremony of marriage having passed, while they were children, between the said lady and the young Earl of Essex, then travelling abroad, as well as in defiance of her being the boasted flame of the young favourite Sir Robert Carr. Yet we may, perhaps, in the latter circumstance, look for the Queen's motive in giving countenance to this piece of youthful folly in her son, her Majesty being commonly swayed by the impulse of the moment, and feeling a dislike, as strong as that of the Prince, towards the fortunate Carr, who by no means bore his honours meekly.

To proceed, however, the Prince and his knights

severally presented to the Queen the rescued damsels; and his Highness having received from his royal mother, as the meed of his valour, a ring of great value, said to be possessed of the extraordinary virtue of rendering the person who wore it invulnerable to all weapons, save those gifted with a counter charm, her Majesty next granted leave to the Prince and his valiant companions to retain the hands of the fair maidens which they held until they became their partners in a measure, being herself led forth to the dance by the Lord Herbert of Cherbury, then, according to his own account, in special favour with her Majesty. The dancers occupied the space where the combat had been fought, and from which the giant had very deliberately arisen and walked off without his head; such being the ludicrous and clumsy manner in which these stage matters were managed at the time. All was now unrestrained mirth and revelry. Music by the best performers on numerous instruments, filled the spacious apartment with its rich and lively strains, while the profusion of large scented wax candles, that vied in size with torches, threw a flood of light upon the gorgeous hangings

and the splendid dresses, and imparted an air of magic to the whole, beyond what our hero had ever witnessed. But, instead of feeling his spirits exhilarated by this gay scene, it had the contrary effect of making him draw a comparison between his own forlorn lot and that of those fortunate and apparently happy beings by whom he was surrounded. And, as he led forward his partner to take place in the dance, a heavy sigh involuntarily escaped him, which was to his surprise re-echoed by the lady he led, as if she had caught the infection of his sorrowful mood, and been prompted by it to some sad recollection of her own.

Being thus reminded that, even in such a joyous assemblage, it was possible that some might have cause for grief as deep as his own, he felt a greater degree of interest and curiosity respecting his partner than he could well account for, the natural effect of which was to make him observe her more narrowly than, in his present state of mind, he would probably have otherwise done. That she was elegantly formed, the tight vest, and other arrangements of her garments, shewed ; that her movements were at once graceful and digni-

fied, his eyes assured him; but this was all he could discover, except that she had a soft and harmonious voice, for she had answered his inquiries, respecting her inclination for the dance, and his request to be allowed to become her partner, in the most dulcet tones. All this may be thought sufficient to have rivetted the attention of most young men, especially when coupled with the mystery attendant on a mask, that left so much for a warm imagination to busy itself with. This, however, would have failed to arrest the regards of Logan in his present mood, but the sigh was a different matter, and had touched a chord in unison with his own feelings. The continuous figure of the dance prevented for some time any conversation, but on the first pause he felt some one touch his shoulder, and, on turning round, saw that it was Sir Robert Carey, who said in a whisper—

"Know you with whom you are dancing?"

To this question Logan replied in the negative, but added eagerly that he much wished to attain the information.

"She is my niece, or the White Rose, accord-

ing to her common soubriquet, from the light colour of those tresses which even now vie in brightness with the golden net that confines them,—and a lovelier lass foots it not on these boards. My wife has taken charge of her from infancy. She is the orphan of Otho Grey, whom you must remember ran so mad a career, and left her without any provision." Having given Logan this information, Sir Robert moved off, lest he should draw observation on the person whom he addressed. Logan now perfectly recollected having heard of the dependent state in which Isabella had been left, by the extravagance of her parent, and of her having been in consequence the constant companion of her cousin.

The sigh, then, that had drawn so powerfully on his sympathies, he thought he could now explain, from its being breathed by one nearly as destitute as himself,—one who was eating the bread of dependence, and perhaps even, in the gay sphere of a court, subject to "the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune," and compelled to bear "the spurns that patient merit of the unworthy takes."

He had no sooner settled this in his own mind to

be the situation of his partner, than his attentions became most scrupulous. Nor while he exhibited that minuteness of good breeding, which is so universally acceptable to the softer sex, did she neglect, to repay it by all those feminine graces of voice and gesture, which make so pleasing an impression on every man of refined mind. And, though they both laboured under the disadvantage of not being able to see the traits of feeling on the countenance of each other, which are generally allowed to be the index of the mind, yet they still augured highly of those indications hidden under the mask, by which both were encumbered. If, therefore, such as we have represented was the impression of Rosa, with regard to Logan's mind and features, she was no less fascinated by the manly and graceful form, which happened to be clothed in that very costume most fitted to interest the imagination, and command the admiration of the weaker sex; the warlike air of Logan's habiliments giving a tacit encouragement to the confidence so natural to woman, in the prowess of those destined by nature to be their protectors.

All this, as was natural, had the most impressive effect upon Rosa; she, therefore, though trembling the while in every limb, essayed to address him, at the next pause allowed to them in their part of the dance, which was at one moment performed in the sprightly galliard time, and again danced alternately by each couple in the slower one of the measure.

"It is not," she said in a tremulous and low voice, which was only calculated to reach the ear of Logan, "perhaps altogether proper that I should acknowledge I know who you are, or that I should say the speech of Sir Robert Carey reached my ears, when he told you that I was his niece; and yet, having earnestly wished for such a transient interview as is even now afforded me, I am happy to use it, by assuring the betrothed of one dear to me as myself, that whatever changes may have taken place in his fortunes, none have occurred to alter her intentions or her faith, given to one whom she has always considered as her future husband, allotted to her by the kind uncle who stood to her in the place of a parent."

"Alas!" said Logan, in a tone of deep vexa-

tion, augmented, it may be, by the fascinations of her who appeared to advocate her cousin's cause, "*Alas! she has been allowed to remain too long* in an error, which it has become, during the process of time, more and more irksome for me to dispel; no man of honour, in my present circumstances, being able to think for a moment of holding her to her contract, formed under such different auspices, even though it had been formerly his intention to fulfil it, which candour obliges me to confess it never has been since the lamented death of my parent, whose happiness was so much concerned in it."

"It would then appear," said the lady in a low voice, "that you have never intended to fulfil an engagement so solemn, as to constitute, in the estimation of her to whom you were betrothed, the most sacred of ties; or, perhaps," she said, "there has more lately arisen some insuperable barrier between you and your betrothed, in another attachment formed by you; while she, who has long believed herself your destined bride, was suffered, in the full confidence of your honest intentions, to remain alone firm to her faith? And yet," she

added with a very apparent touch of indignation, "you spoke but even now of the conduct meet *for an honourable man.*"

The reproach contained in the last sentence stung our hero to the quick, and he was about to reply with all the eagerness of lacerated feeling; but the brief time allowed for conversation, by the figure of the dance, had already elapsed, and he was obliged to defer his vindication, until another opportunity occurred of being heard, which he did not fail to seize with the utmost avidity.

"You have done me injustice, lady," he said, "in supposing me capable of the base conduct you attribute to me; for I might say with truth, were it of any consequence to be known, that the air I breathe is not freer than my heart. My fault, unpardonable as it may be, and as it deserves to be, has sprung alone from the involuntary reluctance I felt to fulfil a contract, in which I was deprived of that free agency which I cannot but consider as the unalienable right of every man."

"Whatever you may think," replied the lady, "the knowledge of your sentiments, nay even in the most minute particulars, cannot be indifferent

to Rosa, who hath so long considered herself your affianced wife in the sight of heaven, and whose thoughts were ever with you in that foreign land, where you have so long tarried (it may be) to avoid one who has still followed every report of you with the most intense interest, and who felt the while that she could better have endured any other misfortune than the slightest aspersion cast on your fame. I therefore feel justified in saying, that although your aversion to fulfil your engagement necessarily puts an end to all such thoughts on her part, that it must and will be of the utmost consequence to her future happiness, to know that her regards have not at least been fixed for such a length of time on one unworthy of her care."

"Is it then possible," said Logan, in an accent of surprise, prompted by this new light upon the sentiments of Rosa, and mingled with strong feelings of gratitude, "that I can have been this object of deep solicitude, and that the generosity of your cousin would still prompt her to overlook the difference in our fortunes, and bestow her ample possessions on an outcast? I could not have

imagined such a stretch of generosity in one whom I have perhaps so culpably slighted."

"And yet," said Rosa, "she would not, I believe, feel much flattered, by hearing such an avowal; for what, let me ask, is there so very extraordinary in her having taken a more than common interest in the concerns of one whom she has almost from childhood been accustomed to consider as the future controller of her fate? To have done otherwise, methinks, must have argued a mind devoid both of sense and feeling. Or what is there more than a mere detestation of the sordid maxims of the world, in her being still willing to share with you that fortune which is more than amply sufficient for you both?"

Here they were interrupted by being again obliged to perform their part in the dance; but they no sooner paused than Logan directly resumed the conversation, while he was listened to by Rosa with an anxious heart, most feelingly alive not only to every sentiment he uttered, but to every intonation of his voice, the melancholy sound and deep pathos of which seemed to enter into its core, while he said—

"*Do not doubt, lady, that your arguments* and your information, however unlooked for, have had their full weight with me; or that I shall ever cease to admire and revere a being so perfect as you have represented your cousin, though for ever separated from her by a fate, which first caused me to contemn her alliance, and which now forbids me, in my present hopeless and low estate, to seek it, as alike disastrous to her, and degrading to myself. Though," he continued, "I must confess that my prejudices were and are so strong against the exercise of all compulsion, even in the mildest form, as connected with such an engagement, that I am certain nothing short of an attachment completely voluntary, could have secured my undivided affection. It can never, therefore, be given for the sake of interest, or even at the suggestions which have created my most unbounded respect."

Poor Rosa now thought herself answered on every point, but her determined spirit refused to give in; and she resumed the dance when her turn arrived, with apparently unabated spirit, while in reality she felt almost unconscious of the

place she was occupying, and went through its evolutions quite mechanically. In this mood it was no wonder that she heard with a species of pleasure that the signal had been given by the Queen for retiring to the banquet. Logan also hearing it, was about to follow the example of those who stood around him, in offering to lead his partner forth, when a hand was again laid upon his shoulder, and Sir Robert Carey informed him that he must relinquish his partner, and retire with him, as none of the Prince's knights were honoured with an invitation to accompany the Queen beyond the ball-room. Logan immediately obeyed this mandate, which he was satisfied had been heard by the lady, whose hand he now relinquished with a pressure, of which he was totally unconscious.

"Follow me into the recess of this window, for I too am unbidden of the Queen, on your account," said Sir Robert.

Logan did so, not without, however, several times turning his head in the direction of the door through which the party of her Majesty were passing, to see if he could catch another glance of

his partner, from whom he had been so unceremoniously and suddenly separated. And, when settled in the window, he still bent his undivided regards, and turned his head towards the gay and brilliant throng among which she mingled, until all who that night accompanied her Majesty to supper had passed beyond his sight. He was, however, presently brought back to his full recollection, by a laugh which Sir Robert seemed endeavouring to suppress, while he said—

"Pardon me, my young friend, for taking notice of the long looks you have cast after the White Rose, at which, as she is one of the prime flowers of the court, I wonder not; especially as I remember me well the period of romance in mine own history." "But," he continued more seriously, "it may be right to warn you that this fair flower will shortly, I believe, be transplanted into the garden of the young Lord Algerton, who has this night, I must confess, cut but a contemptible figure, in suffering himself to be vanquished by that miserable pigmy, that so strangely and maliciously proclaimed his name in the face of the court."

"And is your niece's marriage with this young lord to take place entirely with her own consent?" asked Logan, with a feeling which partook equally of an undefined jealousy, and of a suspicion that one in her destitute circumstances might be influenced, even by Sir Robert himself, to marry a rich man, without feeling any affection for him. But Sir Robert soon put to flight these chimeras, by saying, with a smile of conviction—

"There is, I believe, little doubt, that, if the marriage does happen, it will be with the entire will of Isabella; for Lord Algerton being at present the brightest luminary in the courtly hemisphere, saving only the newly arisen one, Sir Robert Carr, his radiance has so far dazzled the senses of this young damsel, that she can look on no star of lesser magnitude. I speak this more from my wife's observation, than from mine own; and remember, more for your edification, than from any wish to betray secrets, with which I am not yet properly entrusted; although, I must confess, I am in the daily expectation of receiving proposals from this young nobleman on my niece's account. Therefore I warn you," he said, half earnestly, and half

playfully, "*let not the attractions of our young* Circe draw you within her magic circle. But pardon my officiousness," he continued, "and let me now mention, that I was desired by her Majesty to detain you until the arrival of a messenger, to warn us of the Queen's Grace having retired from the banquet, when I am ordered to conduct you to her presence."

As Sir Robert said this, his whole attention seemed suddenly attracted toward the figure of a young man, who had just entered at the lower end of the room, and whom he followed with a steady eye, and troubled expression of countenance, continuing silent for some time, and then answering the occasional questions of Logan with an absent air, and but small attention to their import. At length he said—

"You and I, my friend, stand on perilous ground; for that young gallant, who is now taking possession of the floor, with the Lady Frances Howard, is Sir Robert Carr, come hither from Royston, (whither he went yesterday, in company with the King), either for the purpose of detecting your presence here, or for that of enjoying, in this

hour of licence, the conversation of the Lady Frances. Observe them, however," he continued, "while they dance the lavolte, which they are said to execute better than any other light-heeled votaries of Terpsichore, with which the court never so much abounded in my day as now; the dance being one of the most favourite divertisements of our gracious Queen."

"Nay, if all her court danced in the perfect style," said Logan, "that this young couple do, I would excuse her Majesty, methinks, for her indulgence of this passion."

"Ah," replied Sir Robert, "but few understand the art to such perfection; and this gay youth is one that the Queen loves not to look upon, seeing that he is supported in his extravagance from the King's resources. Behold him now," he said, "for he bears at this present a prince's ransom on his back; and yet, to say sooth," he continued, as he appeared against his will to behold him with admiration, "he graces it right nobly, with his handsome person, and his light footing, which seems as if it bore him through the very air."

" Who, or what is he?" said Logan, " for I must still beseech you to be my instructor in this strange land."

" Why," returned Sir Robert, " this same Carr was, it seems, in our gracious King's land of nativity, one of his most youthful pages; and, having journeyed to France with the Lord Hay, returned with him here, and attained his present height of favour, not in the common mode, " per saltum," but " per casum," having literally *fallen* into the King's favour, by being thrown from his horse at a tournay, while in the act of presenting, in character of his page, the Lord Dingwall's shield."

" But why," said Logan, " do you suspect that this young man is a spy on me, who have lived so privately since my arrival?"

" I know not," said Sir Robert, " but they say " walls have ears;" and, if so, I am sure those of palaces are more acute than others. But I pray you to be silent, and look just now on the dancers, for it is indeed a sight not every day to be seen."

Thus urged, Logan turned his whole regards toward Sir Robert Carr, and beheld in him a

young man of an open countenance, with hair of a dark brown, falling in large and glossy curls round his neck; while his small beard was trimmed with the nicest art, into the shape of a convolvulus leaf; it being the fashion, with the exquisites of that day, to shew their taste in the different modes of cutting their beards, according to the fashion imported to them by our French neighbours. For be it known, that the reign of Henry the Fourth was denominated the "golden reign of beards in France," where they were tortured into every form they could be brought to assume; and where that youth thought himself the most happy, who could, by his own bright invention, give some hitherto unthought-of finish to his chin. As a further embellishment of young Carr's head, he wore in his ears rings, set with brilliants of great value, there being passed through the one on the left side a narrow black ribbon, from which depended, on his shoulder, a gold fillagree trinket, in shape of a heart, of most minute and exquisite workmanship, which, on inspection, was seen to contain hair from the hyperion locks of the lady of his devoirs. His body

was cased in a tight jacket of green satin, richly embroidered with gold, and stuffed still more in the fashion of the cuirasse, than they have been worn within these few years by our modern beaux. While his hose were of gay damask silk, with their seams richly embroidered in gold, and fitted to his limbs with such precision, that they discovered neither crease nor wrinkle, and seemed like a second skin to the mid-part of the thigh, where they were met by a part of his dress, which bore a strong resemblance to a very short petticoat, gathered in full plaits round the hem, and turned inwards, so as not to encroach, as we have said, upon the limbs more, or scarcely as much, as half way to the knee. This part of a man's costume then in use it was supposed served to set off the figure, by making the waist appear small, and the limbs straight. As a finishing stroke to this dress, Sir Robert Carr was furnished with a rapier, tightly girded round his middle with a jewelled belt. Nor must we forget the high heeled shoes, made of black velvet, and furnished with jewelled rosettes, which covered half the foot.

There was an open frankness in the expression

of this young man's countenance, which seemed to predominate over, and, in a great measure, to redeem the traits of arrogance, that were the effect of the sudden prosperity and giddy height to which he had so early attained. Logan, therefore, looked on him with admiration, as on one whom he could have loved, had they met under more propitious circumstances. But the hint of Sir Robert Carey, that he had possibly come as a spy upon him, was sufficient to make him regard him with dislike and disgust; in addition to which he soon felt the unpleasant consciousness of having attracted the notice of Carr; for ever and anon he approached, with his partner, nearer to where our hero stood ensconced in the window, till at length, during the evolutions of the dance, which was nearly the same with the modern waltz, he came so close to him, that Logan perceived plainly that he was bestowing on him the most scrutinizing and searching regards, as if anxious to ascertain whether he looked upon a stranger, or whether the mask might not hide some face familiar to his view.

At length Logan was relieved from this un-

comfortable survey, by the finishing of the dance, and the withdrawing of young Carr, and his beautiful partner, to another part of the room, where they immediately became the centre of a group of gay young people of both sexes, who, not being invited to supper by the Queen, remained to give full scope to their taste for frolic and intrigue, by following out their humours, free from the trammels of ceremony: Though, if we believe what is recorded of the extraordinary licence allowed at the court of James the First, and his Queen, they were certainly far from fastidious in matters of decorum; it being related, that the spirit of mirth in their Majesties, and their courtiers, arose at times to such a pitch of bacchanalian riot, that the banqueting tables were dashed to the floor, and demolished before the company had partaken of the delicacies with which they were loaded; while in this mad affray "there was no small loss of chains, jewels, and even of garments." Nothing certainly so outrageously joyous as this met the eye of Logan, but he heard enough of unrestrained and boisterous merriment, mingling with the music, and often rising above it;

and beheld so vigorous a warfare carried on with little perfumed balls and comfits between the ladies and their gallants, who cast them at each other, as to make him very sensible of a want of dignity in the Court where such licence was allowed. Far from gratified by the scene he was witnessing, he accompanied Sir Robert Carey, who began to be impatient for the Queen's messenger, to an antiroom, where he gladly retreated from a place which had no charms for him; though to many present it was that of enchantment, where every art was essayed to captivate the beholder; for the ladies had exhausted their ingenuity in laying snares for unwary hearts, having braided their shining tresses with the utmost care; decked their swan-like necks with sparkling jewels, and arrayed their figures in flowing robes of all the various hues of the rainbow; to which they added the witchery of wit, the charms of gaiety, and the blandishments of seducing manners. These were, however, all thrown away upon our hero; who looked upon it as a fatal illusion, in which the women were spending their youth and bloom worse than in vain, and the

men the energies and talents which God had given them in pursuit of effeminate and idle pleasure. While Logan was making these wise and philosophical reflections, one of her Majesty's pages appeared, and motioned him and Sir Robert to follow him.

CHAPTER XII.

Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.

SHAKESPEARE.

LOGAN and Sir Robert, with the page for their conductor, wound their way through a labyrinth of passages which seemed lengthening as they went, and where the lights, from the lateness of the hour, were many of them expiring in their sockets, till having, as our hero thought, made the whole circuit of the building, they at length reached a flight of back stairs leading, as his friend informed him, to the Queen's private apartments. At the top of

these stairs, they were desired by the page to remain in a closet of about eight feet square, until he passed through a door to an inner apartment, to give intimation of their approach. During this time, Logan divested himself of his helmet, which he had merely time to accomplish, when the page again appeared at the door of the inner room, and motioning them to enter, held up the arras while they passed into the chamber. In this apartment they found her Majesty, attended by two ladies, who appeared engaged in close conversation, but of whom Logan had brief time to remark that one seemed not altogether strange to his recollections, and that the other, who was much younger, was of uncommon beauty, and appeared evidently surprised and disconcerted on his entrance. He had, we have said, but short time to make this observation; for his whole attention was immediately absorbed in his introduction to the Queen, to whom Sir Robert presented him, saying at the same time—

"This is the young gentleman whom it was your Majesty's pleasure to see."

"And of whom," replied her Majesty, in her

most gracious tones, " I already know enough to bid him welcome;" and she stretched forth her hand to be touched by his lips as he bent his knee, and saluted it with unfeigned gratitude, for the favour with which she had already treated him, as well as on account of what he augured this audience was an earnest, while the Queen continued—" Our good will to you is founded on the remembrance of an action highly honourable to the qualities of your heart, and on a belief that you have solemnly kept the vow required of you when we last met. We therefore feel particular pleasure in doing what in us lies to deliver you from a situation we highly commiserate. In order to effect which, our son Prince Henry, in concert with ourself, hath devised a plan for your advancement abroad, while we endeavour here to obtain from his Majesty at least the cancelling of that sentence against your rights as a British subject, and your fair fame, which we most heartily disapprove. " Meanwhile," said her Majesty, rising from her chair, and taking the reluctant hand of the lovely young woman to whom our hero's eyes had made several truant trips during the Queen's speech—" Meanwhile,

methinks the greatest pleasure in our power to do you at this present, is to make known to you that this little trembling hand," putting it almost forcibly into that of Logan, " belongs to Mistress Rosa Grey, in whom we have learned you have somewhat of a near interest. Is it not so, Sir Robert Carey?" continued the Queen.

The three parties concerned seemed equally astounded by this unexpected and abrupt address; but it would require the pencil of a Hogarth to give an adequate idea of its effect on the countenance of each: For, while that of the Queen exhibited a playful triumph in what she supposed must be the successful result of this little intrigue, mingled with an arch consciousness of power over those whose fate seemed now in her hands, the extent and justice of which they must not challenge,—Sir Robert Carey now betrayed the most apparent vexation, that struggled in a manner even ludicrous with the respect he dared not violate to the Queen, while his pride winced under the thoughts of being thus simply foiled in his determination of separating the betrothed lovers; in which view, he had endeavoured to prevent Rosa

from appearing at that night's festival, lest she should, by any accident, learn that Logan was present. We have thus endeavoured to give some faint idea of the feelings of the Queen and Sir Robert, and the expression they assumed. But it is a much more difficult task to pourtray the sensations that assailed Rosa and Logan, who were brought thus suddenly, unexpectedly, and against their wish, into contact with each other, without an instant's preparation for so momentous a meeting. Thus both felt most awkward and miserable; and well might Rosa's hand tremble, thus forced as she was on the notice of Logan, and almost fearing to hear herself openly rejected by a man who scarcely two hours before had declared to herself his fixed determination not to fulfil the engagement alluded to by her Majesty. The delicate and high minded Rosa could not bear the humiliating idea that Logan should suppose she had so far lost sight of her womanly modesty, as to lend herself to this scheme of the Queen, of which her fears so far outwent the truth, that she expected every moment that her Majesty would divulge the secret of her having passed for

her cousin. When the Queen, therefore, put her hand into Logan's, she stood almost aghast, and turning deadly pale, exclaimed, without knowing what she said—

"Oh! your Majesty, this is cruel."

These words, from the low and tremulous way in which they were uttered, seemed to have escaped the Queen's ear, in her zeal to accomplish her purpose of joining their hands. But almost inarticulate as they were, they were distinctly heard by Logan; and, feeling a forcible conviction that the beautiful creature thus obtruded upon him had not been aware of the Queen's intention, and was therefore no dissembler of the repugnance she so naturally expressed, he saluted the hand he held as respectfully as he had just done that of her Majesty, and immediately resigned it in silence, with a look that spoke the deepest admiration. This action, as well as the expression of countenance with which it was accompanied, was, however, doomed to misconstruction; for Rosa mistook them for the effusions of unmeaning gallantry, and even feared they might be the effect of pity for one whom he intended to refuse, should she be

again offered to him in a more direct way by the Queen. She therefore took her resolution immediately to forestall so degrading a possibility, by addressing herself to Logan, without the loss of an instant, lest she should let slip the only opportunity allowed her of vindicating her intentions.

No sooner, however, did she determine on this step, than the blood that had so lately receded from her pure skin, rushed with an instant suffusion over her face and neck, which it deluged with a scarlet tide of shame and emotion; and, to the imagination of Logan, whom the first glance of her dark eyes had entirely captivated, there appeared such an imposing dignity, and even grandeur in her mien, and so much noble simplicity as well as firmness in her words, that he looked and listened as in the presence of a superior being, while, addressing him, she said—

"There is now, sir, an imperious necessity, from which I may not escape for explaining myself with regard to the relation in which we have so long stood to each other. For should I remain silent, I feel that it must be at the risk of attaching to

myself a suspicion of having consented to this meeting, but from such intention her gracious Majesty will I am sure exonerate me. I must also say, that though I have for years felt that interest in your concerns, which it was natural I should take in those of the person whom I have been led to believe was destined to be the future controller of my fate, and shall still listen with pleasure to the report of your more prosperous fortune, there has arisen an insurmountable barrier to the fulfilment of the agreement entered into on our account. Sir Robert Carey will, therefore, in quality of my guardian, have the goodness to destroy to-morrow in your presence the contract of betrothment lodged in his hands. Yet," she said, with an evident faultering of voice, which was not apparent in the first part of her address, " yet believe me, that, in my earnest desire to annul this engagement, I am in no measure swayed by the sordid consideration of your want of fortune, and as little by the arrogant vanity of assuming to myself the right of rejecting him who would never probably have offered himself to my acceptance."

Having said this, she, with a lofty demeanour, in which innate pride held a struggle with humility, craved pardon of her Majesty for the boldness of speech she had used in her presence, and fled from the room by a private door, before the Queen had time to command her stay.

The haughty displeasure evinced by her Majesty, on this sudden disappearance of Rosa, though sufficiently apparent, had not, however, time to be expressed in words. For at that instant a most unseemly uproar commenced at the door of the dressing room opposite to that by which Sir Robert and Logan had entered, and the lady that Rosa had left standing at the distance of a few paces from her Majesty drew close to her chair in seeming affright, while the Queen listened, not without a touch of alarm, to the noise that still encreased, till one voice was heard distinctly to grow louder and louder.

"Stand back fellow," it said, "or I will pin you to the door with my rapier."

The Queen had no sooner distinctly heard these words, and recognised the voice of him who uttered them, than she made a hurried signal to Logan

and the Lady to leave the apartment by the door that had admitted the former, which was completely concealed by the arras. But, instantly seeming to reassume all the haughty daring natural to her character, she said in accents of defiance—

"Nay, stand fast." This command was no sooner given, than the contested door flew open with a bound, and the King's favourite Sir Robert Carr entered somewhat agitated and ruffled, as it appeared, by the contest he had maintained with the opposition thrown in his way to the Queen's presence, by those of her attendants who had been directed to bar all admittance. When he had advanced half way up the room, and thrown on all sides a searching glance, he took the plumed hat from his head, but not till then, and going up to where the Queen sat, he stood before her

"Gramercy, young sir," said her Majesty, "is it you who have taken the liberty of entering your Queen's apartment, against her most express command to her attendants? The cowardly varlets," she continued, "shall feel our heaviest displeasure for this breach of our orders."

"Nay," said Carr, falling gracefully on one knee, though not, as his hearers seemed to feel, so much in respect, as in careless and almost derisive compliance with the Queen's humour—

"Nay, but let your Highness hear what her own dog and slave has to say, and he will quickly cause to disappear that which now seemeth her just indignation against him."

"Speak on, then," said Queen Anne, in rather a milder tone of voice, "and provided you speak aught but truth," she continued, [illegible] what it presently shewed that she had [illegible] fathomed the purport of this rude intrusion, "you must say that your [illegible] is one of espial on your Queen's conduct, which, whether it prospers or not, depends on circumstances over which your control may be more limited than you choose to [illegible] for mark me, young sir, few have prospered that have set themselves against our pleasure [illegible] and therefore, for your own sake, we trust that you [illegible] on, who means to risk so mad a venture. So now," she said, motioning with her hand for him to rise, "we will listen to your fair speech."

The young favourite obeyed her sign, and taking from his pocket a piece of written paper, gave it to the Queen.

"When your Majesty shall have perused the contents of this letter, and perceive that anxiety to let your Highness know of that which it contains hath thus forced me into your presence, and that my visit of *espial* hath arisen entirely from a wish to save your Majesty consequences which might otherwise have accrued from your royal favour to this lady, and to this worshipful young knight," he said, as he made an inclination of his head to them both, "I may perhaps be less hardly judged. Especially as my leaving Royston late this evening, and being obliged to return to it before seven o'clock in the morning, for to-morrow's hunt, has made time so precious that I have been under the necessity of using less form than would otherwise have been proper in approaching your Majesty's presence."

Having said this, Carr bent in low obeisance to the Queen, and left the room with a lofty though careless air and a quick step. While the Queen, looking after him, said to Sir Robert Carey—

" That young malapert courts our favour, and hides his fear of our displeasure, under a covering of greater impudence than methinks I ever saw matched; but let him beware," she said, while holding the letter she had received from the favourite towards him she continued, " Take this Sir Robert, and let me hear what all this meaneth."

Sir Robert did so, and approaching a light, read aloud the following letter.

" May it please your Majesty,—I take this method, out of the love I bear your Grace, to let you understand of the complots now carrying on by your old enemies of the House of Ruthven, who are not so far trodden under your feet, but that, were proper search made, your Royal Consort would be found to be at this moment affording succour to the Lady Beatrix Ruthven or Home, in her own private lodgings at Denmark House; while the proscribed son of the old rebel Restalrig is concealed under the same roof, and, by the help of a visor, will dare to revel it at the Queen's masque on the night of to-morrow."

"Now, by my faith," said the Queen to Sir Robert, in a contemptuous tone, "the letter to Monteagle, which discovered the Gunpowder Plot, was a trifle to this weighty epistle; and my only wonder is, that our royal husband hath not arrived himself ere this," she continued, as she addressed the lady, who still stood close to her, "to take thee, my poor Beatrix, into custody, as the very Guy Faux of this threatened explosion, which, it seemeth, is to take place under my patronage; that is to say, if this young gentleman does not enact him in thy place."

Here, to the surprise of Logan, the Queen and the Lady Beatrix laughed outright, with that hearty good will which is ever the effect, in all ranks, of a natural perception of the ludicrous,—which strong propensity, the direct misfortunes are unequal to cure in such as possess the volatile disposition that marked the characters of Anne of Denmark and our old friend Beatrix. After having, however, given for some time uncontrolled way to her mirth, her Majesty assumed a more serious mood; and intimating that she wished to speak a few words privately to Sir Robert Carey,

Beatrix and Logan retired to one end of the apartment; while Sir Robert, at the back of the Queen's chair, listened, with his head inclined over it, to what she said.

Meanwhile Lady Beatrix and Logan, who, as we have seen, had come to the knowledge of each other without any formal introduction, entered into a discourse of former events, which our hero touched as lightly as possible, in deference to the feelings of his companion, seeking alike to shun such subjects as were likely to renew her grief, and to escape from the deep gratitude and reiterated thanks she expressed for his having saved the lives of her two remaining brothers, as well as her regret for the involvement of his own fate in that of her unhappy family. But from this subject she diverged, to give an account of a visit, which she had paid on the night before, to her brother in the Tower, of whose appearance she gave the most farcical account, as that of a savage overgrown with hair, and altogether accoutred *à la jew*: By which Logan understood, that, forgetful or unheedful of Sir Robert Carey's admonitions, he had still made no reform on his appear-

ance; while he also learned from Lady Beatrix, that she had occasioned him great joy, not only by her visit, but also by being the bearer of the drugs which he had so anxiously wished to obtain, and which she described as having thrown him into the most frantic raptures, from the idea that he had it now in his power to concoct the elixir vitæ;—declaring, in her own volatile way, that, for her part, she would rather possess the philosopher's stone, which, during a short life, would furnish her with all the enjoyments to be commanded by its unbounded resources.

This conversation, during which Logan contemplated her still unbroken spirits with amazement, was soon terminated by the ceasing of the Queen's colloquy with Sir Robert, and her Majesty's informing our hero that it was her desire he should escape the threatened storm, by returning immediately to the house of Sir Robert's servant, where he had first taken refuge; and, putting a weighty purse into his hand, she desired him to use it for his present occasions, and to rest assured, that, if he did not fail to walk by such directions as should be given him from time to

time, he would soon be beyond the reach of his enemies.

And thus dismissing him with a gracious smile, he had but a moment to express his gratitude, before he followed Sir Robert Carey from the apartment through the same concealed door by which he had entered.

" By my faith," said the Queen, as soon as she lost sight of Logan, " a proper and a handsome young fellow is this same poor persecuted youth. Now could I beat that silly wench for taking on herself such stately airs, because, forsooth, we did not consult her on our intention of bringing him into our presence while she stood by. How was it to be imagined that the perverse wretch, who would give her ears to be his wife, after petitioning our own aid, should all at once thus start off, and cast him from her for ever? She has well requited us, in sooth, for our condescension. But we will punish the little minion; she shall be banished our presence, until she is heartily sorry for this night's contumacy."

The Queen was now fast chafing herself into one of those violent humours to which Beatrix

knew of old she was subject on the slightest provocation, and that lady, accordingly, resorted to the method of stopping its progress, which she had often found so successful.

"Nay, I wonder not, under your Grace's favour, that this displeasure hath arisen," said Beatrix, "for well is it known that Mother Carey's Chickens are birds of evil omen. There is not a sailor but will avouch their appearance as a sure indication of a coming storm. What, then, can your Majesty expect but some unlucky mischance, when you foster them under your own royal wing?"

This ludicrous allusion had the meditated effect of forcing a laugh from the Queen, and restoring to good humour her ruffled spirits; and she next concerted with Beatrix the return of the latter to Scotland, as soon as a few hours' rest should enable her to set out on her journey, lest any disagreeable consequences should arise from his Majesty's knowledge of her present abode. There was, however, less immediate risk of this than the Queen or her protegees were led to fear, from the hurried way in which Carr had given his informa-

tion; the fact being, that the King knew nothing of the letter brought by the latter, from its having been taken out of his Majesty's pocket by the young favourite on the night before, along with a number of other papers;—it being as customary for James never to refuse a letter or petition offered to him, as it was for him never to read them, making a practice of stuffing them all into his pockets, which were sometimes thus entirely filled. They were thus, from indolence, committed to the mercy of one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber, whose duty it was to disincumber his doublets of their weight, and either make known their contents to the King, or suppress them, as he thought proper. Thus Carr had it in his power to have destroyed the letter which he had brought to the Queen. It gratified his pride, however, to shew her Majesty that her secret, with regard to Logan and Lady Beatrix, was in his keeping,—while having learnt by the letter that there was to be a masque on that night at Denmark House, he made use of it as an excuse to seize the opportunity of meeting Lady Frances Howard. With her he had dallied away the hours until the time for re-

turning to Royston became so brief, that it had caused him to act with a precipitation in his interview with the Queen, that he had by no means intended, though he could not feel sorry, that, by its means, he had been an eye-witness of her Majesty's having admitted to her presence the persons spoken of in the letter; this circumstance, as he deemed, being of no small consequence in making her feel herself in his power, whilst she must also be grateful, he imagined, for the information he had given her.

CHAPTER XIII.

Oh grief, beyond all other griefs, when fate
First leaves the young heart lone and desolate
In the wide world, without that only tie
For which it loved to live, or feared to die.

MOORE.

WHEN Rosa entered her own apartment, after leaving the Queen's dressing room, she threw herself into the arms of her cousin, who, alarmed by her agitation and wan appearance, eagerly inquired the cause of the situation in which she beheld her: For Rosa had already related to her the whole adventure of the ball-room, when, instead of following the Queen to the banquet, she retired to divest herself of her mask and borrowed tresses. Thus though she did not conceal from Isabella the cruel disappointment she experienced

in the failure of the hopes so long enthusiastically cherished, yet, true to the firm principles of her nature, she spoke of her feelings as to be conquered. While she therefore gave more praise to the lofty rectitude of principle, and total abandonment of self-interest, pourtrayed in Logan's rejection of her hand, now that he was bereft of fortune, than blame for what he had so candidly owned of his reluctance to a marriage with one not entirely of his own choice, she displayed so much less of strong feeling than her cousin had anticipated, that she was puzzled to account for this apparent apathy in one whose heart was in reality deprived of its best hopes. But Isabella was ignorant, on seeing the present change in the appearance of her cousin, that it was the fruit of her having, in a second interview, beheld the noble features of Logan, on which were marked, in characters too legible to be mistaken, all those high virtues so indispensable in her estimation, and with which she had in fancy so largely endowed him; for she had formed to herself, in her future husband, an idol, and given to him every quality that can exalt humanity—this future hus-

band, who had been for six years the subject of her daily thoughts and nightly dreams. But so *deep had been her recent mortification* in both her interviews with Logan, and more especially in the last, when the humiliation of being forced upon him by the Queen was so deeply felt, that it was some time before she could raise her head from the shoulder of Isabella, and attempt to explain to her all that had happened, and its effect on her mind, since she last left her on the Queen's summons.

We say *attempt* to explain, because it was not in the nature of Isabella entirely to comprehend all the feelings of her cousin; for, though her gratitude and affection went far to make up for want of similarity in disposition, yet were their minds widely different. Isabella was naturally thoughtless and volatile, a lover of all those gay sports and pastimes that occupied the time and constant attention of Queen Anne and her court, and an admirer of those insincere manners which alike exert their baneful influence on the deceiver and the deceived. She had, in short, suffered her imagination to be captivated by qualities the very

reverse of those deemed so requisite by her cousin. Hence her attachment to Lord Algerton, who had made so general an impression on the young and gay throng by whom she was surrounded. But that she, who never thought for herself, should be thus carried away by the tide of prejudice at a court, where vice and folly were softened and veiled by the sanction of her superiors in rank, talent, and age, was nothing to be wondered at. It is true, Rosa was ever a faithful monitor; and had Isabella not considered her too much in the light of a superior being, detached and weaned by her own peculiar and romantic fancies and pursuits from what engaged the attention of the rest of the world, she might perhaps have reaped more benefit from both her precepts and example.

Isabella was naturally amiable and affectionate, and the sincere love she bore toward her cousin often prevented her from falling into errors, more as it seemed that she might be gratified by her approval, than from any proper appreciation of her cousin's mind, where all that was really great and magnanimous appeared to her the produce of

a romantic dream, and all that was thoughtful and prudent entirely the effect of a temperament different from her own. And different, indeed, were the cousins in every thing, save their fond attachment to each other.

Rosa was possessed of a tender, firm, and thoughtful mind, and gifted with penetration that enabled her at one glance to distinguish between true grandeur and the meretricious glare cast around the votaries of fashion, which so frequently imposed on those around her, and caused them to be beheld in so fascinating a light, while she saw them as vice and folly in all their deformity. Nor had this way of viewing things been alone the effect of natural disposition, for, in fact, many causes had combined to produce it. Among these, perhaps one of the most prominent was that feeling of independence so rarely the lot of woman, produced by her being bereft of her parents at such an early age—and by the possession of a fortune, sufficient, in the days in which she lived, to set her above the generality of those with whom she associated—aided, also, by the bountiful way in which Nature had bestowed her richest gifts

alike on her faultless face and person and on her elevated mind. All these advantages placed her not only above the necessity of courting those within her immediate sphere, but caused her to be looked upon as placed on an eminence to which few could attain, and from which she had, in truth, been able to descry with ease the motives for what was passing around her in the actions of others. In this primary sense of independence may be found the source of her superiority, meeting, as it did, in her mind, no inherent predisposition to foster it into arrogance, or exalt it into ambition.

The sincerity and purity of Rosa were recognised in every word and action, surrounding her as with a halo of innocence, which the most profligate dared not to invade, and which had set at nought all the art and finesse of a corrupt court. She ever acted with the most perfect and graceful freedom, for no evil passion disturbed her serenity —and she had nothing to conceal, save that enthusiastic and romantic passion which had blended the idea of our hero with every thought of her heart, and which remained locked up and cherished there with an ardour as intense as it was pro-

found. And though sometimes there mingled with these thoughts a fear that would intrude itself unbidden, that her betrothed might possibly not possess all the perfections she had gifted him with, yet did this fear not distress her much; for her future husband, if she ever had one, *must* be such as she had delighted to picture; and should our hero fall short (as she had often said to herself, and to her cousin) of her perfect pattern, he could never stand in that relation to her.

Her reveries had however been, as things were now likely to turn out, of a cast most dangerous to her future peace; for the deep and romantic passion she had indulged for the noble qualities of her future husband had now been confirmed by the lavish praise of Annie Sprott, and by his own disinterested conduct: and it seemed alone to want the finishing stroke which it had acquired on beholding his fine and expressive countenance, and had suddenly become the most devoted love of which the female heart is susceptible. There were marked upon that countenance all the high virtues with which she had so long and so largely endowed him, and now ceasing to be the creature

of her own creation, which her imagination had delighted to dwell upon, he became an embodied reality, whose living lineaments were engraven on her memory and her heart, never to be erazed.

The indignant humour in which Rosa had parted from Logan in the Queen's dressing-room, in some measure veiled this truth for the moment from her eyes; and she imagined that the circumstances in which she stood, as they precluded all possibility of her ever being the wife of Logan, would also prevent her dwelling, in her accustomed way, upon his perfections, and that she would soon be enabled to forget him.

But if Rosa was one of the most high-minded, she was also one of the softest hearted, of her sex, and, though capable of making any sacrifice, and of deciding with firmness, when her duty or her delicacy was called in question, she was doomed inwardly to suffer the full penalty of her heroism. For the noble qualities of Rosa's future husband had become to her so habitual a theme, that having, as she thought, found Logan in reality endowed with the high attributes with which her

fancy had gifted him, it was no easy matter now to discard him from her heart. Of this she was quickly convinced, for no sooner had the first burst of indignation at the Queen's conduct subsided, than she began to fear she had shewn too much haughtiness of spirit in her manner of renouncing her betrothed. Thus, while her memory dwelt upon the earnest and melancholy gaze of admiration with which he had regarded her, her heart refused to believe what had been its first suggestion, of her having been insulted by unmeaning gallantry in the salute bestowed upon her hand, and she thought with regret on what she was now almost inclined to style the petulance of her own conduct. Rosa had, however, one consolitary reflection in having, as she felt assured, impressed on the mind of Logan, that her conduct, however he might disapprove of it in other respects, had not been swayed by any mean considerations occasioned by his loss of property. She had so long dwelt in secret meditation on this beau ideal of her youthful fancy, that she could not help now sighing to herself the confession that she would rather become his wife, and share his poverty,

than be the partner of the greatest noble in the land. Rosa had every reason to suppose the Queen displeased with her, for the lowering storm on her Majesty's brow had not escaped her observation, when she addressed her in leaving the dressing-room. But to such consideration she was perfectly indifferent; for, feeling assured that there was more love of intrigue in her Majesty's conduct, than real kindness toward herself, she feared not the displeasure from which she would so soon have it in her power to escape, the time being near at hand when her emancipation from the power of her guardian would commence; for she had long determined that, upon coming of age, she would immediately leave her present abode, and return to Scotland. Her heart was now more than ever fixed upon having a house of her own, where she would only hear at a distance of the madness of dissipation, the petty struggles of ambition, and all the turmoils of that gay life into which she was then so unwillingly dragged, and where she could make acquaintance with her fellow creatures far from the contagion of a court

This plan, too, she imagined would be the means of withdrawing Isabella from the gay vortex in which she seemed so much to delight, and from the attentions of Lord Algerton, of which she seemed to feel an instinctive dread that they would at last be the cause of her entire loss of peace; not still being able to believe that he intended to marry her, nor did she think her happiness likely to be secured by such a connection, were he willing to offer her his hand: so far from it, indeed, that she thought she could not do her a greater service, than by carrying her down to Scotland, and breaking off all intercourse between them. Rosa had already frequently spoken of her wish to her cousin, that she should accompany her in her journey northward, but had been unable to obtain from her what she considered a cheerful acquiescence; Isabella ever urging her dislike to a country life, and endeavouring to persuade her cousin to give up what she called the melancholy project of going to live in an old desolate castle.

The time was, however, now arrived, when Rosa looked forward to such peaceful solitude as the greatest good in life which remained for her, and as

but a few weeks of her minority were to pass before she could put her scheme in execution, she spoke in this interview with her cousin more earnestly than ever, of all the benefit she anticipated to herself from so desirable a change, and more importunately of her earnest wish, that Isabella should be her companion, and to her great delight obtained a promise that she would accompany her. Soon after this the cousins separated, Isabella retiring to her own apartment, while Rosa began to undress, that she might endeavour to obtain that repose she so much required.

The conversation between the cousins had, however, been overheard by Annie Sprott, who slept in her mistress's dressing-room, and whom Rosa, supposing to have followed her directions, and gone to rest, was unwilling to disturb. Isabella had therefore no sooner left the room, than the waiting-damsel presented herself, while her desolate heart alternately throbbed with hope and sunk with fear, as she beseeched her mistress, in the most moving terms, not to abandon her, by leaving her behind when she departed from London.

"Nay, set your heart at rest on that subject, my poor girl," said Rosa, much affected by her distress, "for if it will comfort you, I promise never to part with you while you wish to remain with me. You have my word, therefore, that it shall be alone your own wish that shall separate us. Take courage, then, my poor Annie, for I will never forsake you."

This assurance, given in a tone of compassion and tender kindness, made so sudden and so deep an impression on the poor girl, that she instantly sunk on her knees at Rosa's feet, and said, in a voice that issued from a heart labouring under feelings almost too strong to be clothed in words—

"May Heaven bless you, sweet lady, for I know not what might become of me, were you to leave me in this bad city, where the people are all so hard of heart, and so wicked. And now I *will* say what it has caused me so much distress to conceal; though Heaven forgive me, if I am perhaps even now wrong, and committing sin, while I wish to do right. But you are going from this evil place, where I am always fearing for you."

"Fearing for me!" said Rosa in surprise, "stand

up, Annie, and tell me what you mean, for surely you must have some reason for speaking in this extraordinary way."

"O, indeed," said the girl, half repenting of what had escaped her in the energy of her gratitude, "I should not have said so, for indeed there is nothing to tell, if you will only forgive me, and think no more of it."

"Strange!" said Rosa, musing as she spoke, "said you not that you have feared for me; I must therefore stand at least in your apprehension exposed to some danger, of which I am not aware, and yet you refuse to say how or why. Can this be right, Annie?" and she looked upon the girl with a half distrustful and inquiring eye, whose expression, as fearing it spoke the language of reproach, Annie could not bear to meet.

"No, indeed, dearest lady; you say, sooth, it cannot be right that I should conceal aught from you," said Annie; "and yet I know not what to do, for surely I should not lightly hint at evil in one who has rendered me so many services. But still, I fear me, he means not well toward you. God forgive me, if I do him wrong."

"Of whom do you speak?" said Rosa, in considerable agitation, occasioned by the dread of some mysterious evil, of which she was ignorant.

"Why, even of him," replied Annie, making a desperate effort, as it seemed, to say what she was thus forced upon,—"Even of him whose charity gave a grave to my father, and a shelter to myself, and that I should hate myself were I to slander."

"Surely thou art dreaming, maiden; thou hast been too abruptly awakened from thy sleep, and knowest not what thou art saying, for what connection can that little hunchback have with me, or my affairs? I never saw him, and never even heard of him, but from thyself, and thou hast even represented him as a benevolent goblin; why, then, I pray, should he be suspected of evil intentions toward me?"

"And, indeed," replied Annie, "I know nought of his evil intentions, and have been sorely grieved to hear that he hath any, for in sooth he hath been kind and merciful to me; but Roger Dewlap gave it me in charge, to be wary in keeping.

your secrets, for he says I was sent to wait on you for no good, and that he whom you are pleased to call goblin troubles himself mightily about your concerns; and I am sure I would lose my eyes and my ears both before I would be a spy on your actions, so I cannot think it for good that I should be required to do so; and it was therefore that I said, lady, I was happy you were so soon to depart from hence."

"Yet," replied Rosa, "as I suppose you have never seen this little man since you came to me, I cannot understand why you credit what your other friend has suggested?"

"But I *have* seen him twice," said Annie eagerly, "and Roger is so honest, and I am sure he means so well, that I cannot help listening to his cautions."

"And did that strange personage question you about me in those interviews; and how came you to meet?" said Rosa, flinging herself now in an undress into a large chair, almost exhausted with fatigue, but still anxious to sift to the foundation what she thought seemed so strangely to concern her.

"He did question me, said Annie," but methought more in jest than earnest, for he inquired of me how many lovers you had, and swore that he was in love with you himself, and was very jealous of one Lord Algerton; so he wanted me to tell if he was often in your company, and if I ever heard you speak of him? and, then, when I truly said that I had never heard of him, and that I knew nought about him, or any one's frequenting your company, he laughed me to scorn, and told me that this was being too ignorant, and that I must set myself to find out your secrets, as other waiting women did those of their mistresses. And then he told me, that I must get acquainted with such as myself in the palace, who would soon teach me what belonged to my office, for that they all, he supposed, knew more about you than I did; and charged me strictly to do as he had instructed me, if I felt any gratitude toward him, and that I should not go unrequited for any information I could give him. But I did not promise him this, because I could not understand why he required it of me, and because I always

remember Roger's words, and would rather die than be the means of injuring you, lady."

"And have you ever repeated these conversations to your countryman Roger?" said Rosa.

"Yes," said Annie, "I did; but I do not like to be so bold as to tell what he said."

"Nay, pluck up courage, and let me hear it, good wench," replied Rosa; "for, methinks, I seem more interested in this prattle than I was willing at first to believe."

"Well, then, sweet lady, be not angry, since it is your pleasure that I should speak," said Annie.

"Go on," said Rosa, "and fear no anger from me."

"Roger first laughed heartily, and made much merriment, at what the crooked gentleman had said about being your lover; and said 'so it should be when the toad wedded the laverock;' but then he grew graver, and said the gentleman was not so curious for nothing, and charged me over and over again, till methought I was tired of hearing him strike still on the same string, not to listen to or answer his wicked questions; and then he said that which I do not like to repeat,

lest you, lady, should think me too forward to *meddle in such matters.*"

"*Go on, I charge you,*" said Rosa thoughtfully, while her head rested on her hand, and the languor of exhaustion bore hard upon her,—"Go on, and let me hear what he said."

"Why, he said he hoped that you encouraged no lovers, for that you were as good as married to his master, and that he knew it for a fact, for he had often heard the old Laird of Restalrig say so; and that though his young master was now poor and disgraced, he hoped to see him hold his head as high yet as any lord in this land. And God send it may be so," said Annie fervently, "for he is indeed a noble and compassionate gentleman; and then Roger said, that if he could only be brought to see you, he had much to say, for that he knew you years ago, and you had been kind to him then, and he was sure would be kind again."

"And was this all?" said Rosa, while her heart most sincerely pronounced the amen to Annie's wish concerning Logan, though at the same moment she looked on her separation from him and

his concerns, to be as decided as though death had effected the change.

"Yes, dear lady, I have now said all I know."

"Well," replied Rosa, who thought that Roger's wish of seeing her might probably arise from the straitened circumstances to which he was reduced, in following his master without his knowledge, (for Annie had previously informed her of this), "Well, be sure that you bring your countryman the first convenient opportunity, and I will see him."

And so saying, she lay down on her couch, and dismissed Annie for the night. The repose of Rosa was, however, doomed to be alone that of the body, for "tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," never once visited her eyelids. She had been but too roughly awakened from her long and romantic dream, and her endeavours to arouse herself to all the realities of her situation, were most inimical to any degree of slumbering forgetfulness. In her present frame of mind, her chief wish was to banish her long-cherished romance, and its domineering influence over her recollec-

tions, and to fill its place with other plans and other anticipations. Among which, her meditated residence in the North, together with the change she hoped to effect on the mind of Isabella, were uppermost; while, what Annie Sprott had just been telling her, of the dwarf and Roger, also bore their part in her cogitations; though all the conjecture she could form regarding the warnings of the latter, was, that the inquiries of the dwarf had related to her cousin, instead of herself, which she was led to suppose, by his questions about Lord Algerton, coupling them as she did with the fact that it was his Lordship who had spoken in favour of Annie to Isabella, by which means she had been recommended to her service. But what the interest shewn by this dwarf in Isabella's concerns meant, or why Lord Algerton had interested himself in the matter of Annie, she could not fathom.

This, however, gave rise to other vague suspicions, which were still harder to solve; for when she recollected the extraordinary conduct of the dwarf, introduced in the recent pageant toward Lord Algerton, a strange sort of surmise arose in

her mind, that Annie's goblin and this malevolent being were one and the same, though it evidently appeared that he could be no friend of the young Lord, whom he had thus pointed out to ridicule, whatever might be their connection. Thus puzzled, she endeavoured in vain to court even one half-hour's oblivion, and arose so worn out by her "thick-coming fancies," that it was evening before she was able to leave her sleeping apartment, which she would not then have done, had not Annie informed her that Roger was in the palace, having called to see her. Rosa no sooner heard this, than, anxious to be of all the service she could to him, she went immediately to that same apartment in which our reader first met her, and which, we have said, was entirely appropriated to the use of the cousins, and, desiring Annie to bring Roger to her, she awaited his arrival with her purse in her hand.

Honest Roger's experience, as it regarded ladies, had, it may be supposed, been somewhat circumscribed; but yet, when shewn into the presence of Rosa, he seemed so entirely intent on making known what he had long earnestly desired to

have an opportunity of saying, that, though by no means, as the reader knows, accustomed to the interior of palaces, he appeared quite insensible to the splendour around him. Fixing his eyes therefore on Rosa, he turned, and waving his hand toward the door, in token that he wished the departure of Annie, she had no sooner withdrawn, and shut the door behind her, than he advanced almost close to our heroine, and, having taken a most minute survey of her, he exclaimed—

"Ay, I wad hae kend ye amang ten thousand, though it's sax years syne I saw ye on yon morning, ye mind, whan I brought ye the bonny thing that the auld laird sent me wi', to seal the bargain betwixt the young laird and yersel."

"Was it you, then," said Rosa, colouring as she spoke, "that brought me the diamond carcanet from the Laird of Restalrig?"

"*Carcanet!*" said Roger, repeating the word to himself two or three times, as delighted to have caught it again—"Ay, ay, it was I that gied ye the carcanet sure enough; but ye have forgotten me, lady, though I trow its no every day that sic a messenger comes till ye."

This was said in a tone of reproach, which Rosa endeavoured to mollify, by saying, in a gentle accent, "But you know I was very young then, and I shall not forget you again, I can assure you."

"True," responded Roger, "ye were young, but I hope gin yere youth gaurd ye forget me, it hasna made ye forget your promises to my winsome young master, and that ye winna slight him for warld's gear, seeing ye hae eneugh of that yersel."

Rosa, though somewhat astounded by this home allusion to her present circumstances, felt interested in the broad and honest countenance, and apparently sincere intentions, of Roger, and replied with frankness—

"No, believe me, my honest friend, it is not world's gear that has separated us, but you know every body has their own fancies, and there are many things to be considered besides money."

"I dinna ken," said Roger, "what may be yere fancies, but my twa een never lighted on a bonnier lady nor yersel, nor yet upon a more stalwart or properer man nor the young laird;

and, to my thinking, ye were just made for ane another; and, after a' that's come and gane, its borne in me that ye will be his wife yet."

"No, never never," replied Rosa earnestly, "that can never be."

"Weel, weel," said Roger, whose choler began to rise, 'Them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar,' sae ye maun e'en tak yere ain way o' it, lady, 'There's as good fish i' the sea as ever cam out o' it,' and the young maister will maybe catch ane o' them yet, so there's nae mair need be said anent that job. But I hae anither wee bit matter, that I wad like to ken yere thoughts about."

"Say on, then," said Rosa, "and believe me, if my purse, or my influence, can be in any way serviceable to you, they shall not be wanting."

"Mony thanks, lady," said Roger, while his heart seemed to swell with pride, which he did not seek to conceal, "mony thanks; but my ain purse is no that light, forby that I am provided with a store of victual that will last ower the time I hope I shall hae to bide in this muckle ugly place.

But, as I was saying, I maun speak anent anither matter, for there's folk i' the world that's very free o' their gifts, and yet gay dour to part wi' what justly belongs till others; now I am sure," continued Roger, in a sort of coaxing tone, "ye canna be ane o' them?" and having said this, he waited her answer with a look of inquisitive impatience.

"I hope not, indeed," said Rosa, totally at a loss to imagine to what he could possibly allude.

"That's very weel answered," said Roger, "and ye said, ye will never be the young laird's wife, did ye not lady?"

"Certainly I said so."

"Then," said Roger with triumph, "ye maun answer me ae simple question mair,—Wha div ye think is the rightful owner o' the carcanet?"

This was what had never crossed the thoughts of Rosa; and it was as a new light to her benevolent disposition, when she recollected the poverty of Logan, and she answered eagerly—

"Why, without doubt, it belongs to your master."

" Ay ! say ye sae," replied Roger, delighted at once to have recovered his master's property, and his good opinion of Rosa, whose beauty and sweetness of manner had, in spite of her rejection of his master, still fascinated and bound him to her by unwilling cords.

" But then," he said thoughtfully, " ye maun e'en gie me yere advice how it's to be managed, for gin I was to carry the ....., od I ha'e forgotten the name o' yon glancing thing again ; but ne'er mind, ye ken lady what I mean : gin I was to carry it to the young laird, and tell that I had sought it frae you, he wad be for rugging the thrapple out o' me, sae ye see I darna do that ; and, indeed," he continued, " gin he had it, or the siller for it, I question muckle if he wad use it til the discreet purpose whilk I wad advise."

" And what might you advise?" said Rosa, amused with the blunt faithfulness of Roger, in spite of her own sombre feelings.

" Why, lady," replied the native of Lammermuir, " ye see the story should not be telled to

every ane, for the auld laird aye keepit it himself, and forbad us, wha kenned, ever to mention it."

" Perhaps then," said Rosa, " you ought not to betray it to me?"

" O' ye see the auld laird's gane where he takes, I warrant him, little tent o' what we say here;" replied Roger, " and if he does ken, why the needcessity is greater nor ever for the discovery o' the treasure that he was e'en keen enough about himsel'."

" What treasure?" said Rosa, whose curiosity was raised by the cautious manner in which Roger looked around him, and the falling of his voice as he mentioned it—

" Why, ye hae na doubt heard o' that great warlock, John Napier o' Merchiston, that had aye the deevil sitting at his hand in the visible shape o' a muckle black cock, that tell'd him aw thing he had a mind to speer; and has let him see how till set fire till the warld wi' a bit glass and the help o' the sun; and has, forby a' this, gard him mak a machine that wad slay outright a' the infidel Turks, and no harm ae christian, mowing them

down just like as mony winnelstraes; and has gien him an insight into counting, that they say he can mak sic speed wi', that he wad nummer a' the sheep on the Lammer Muir afore a douse shepherd like me could tell ower a score. Ye hae heard o' him lady?" said Roger, repeating his question.

"O yes, who hath not heard of him;" said Rosa; "but how is he connected with your story?"

"Why, ye see," continued Roger, "the young laird kens naething about this, saving a wee bit light I gied him on the matter since he came hame; for it was while he was in foreign countries that we were sae sair plagued wi' the screeching and scraffing o' the woman in white, and her bairn, that aye haunted Fast Castle; and sae the auld laird forgathered wi' this Napier, and tell'd him that there was an auld story in the family: And it was this ye see,—ane o' his ancient forbears had married for love some lassie far beneath him in degree, but, for a' that, o' a leal and true heart; and then he gaed to the wars, and buried his treasure some gait about the castle, and

let nane ken o' it but hersel. But he forgat her in a far away country, and took up his head with a grand lady; so that, when the lassie he had left at hame heard tell o' it, she turned clean demented, and cast hersel, wi' her young bairn in her arms, clean out ower the battlements, and ever sin syne wanders about the sea beach, scraffing and wanting to tell about the treasure; for her husband was killed, and never wan hame to tell it himsel'."

"And what said Napier to this strange story?" said Rosa, anxious to hear more of the legend.

"Why he told the laird," continued Roger, who, pleased to see that he interested the lady in his recital, went on with renewed spirit, "that he had art sufficient to discover where the treasure was hidden, provided the story of the lady was true, upon which the auld laird invited him to the castle, wi' the muckle black cock and aw.

"But, when he cam, my certie! I think he feared us to the very back-bane, for he set us to watch the hour o' the white lady's appearing, and garred the black beast o' a cock flee out ower our

heads, till we wad rather hae faced a' the strength o' the English borders thegether, than keepit sic a watch. Yet after aw, when he said he kenned the spot where the treasure was hidden, he wadna let us dig for it, or direct us til it, for he insisted that the laird should let him bring in help o' his ain people, to see him get his share, and carry it clear aff the Fast Castle bounds. Sae ye see, lady, the laird and him clean split upon this proposal; for my auld maister had a muckle heart in his breast, and he wadna be suspected o' unfair play, and sae they parted; Merchiston still insisting on his terms, and Restalrig scunnering at the thoughts o' submission, and there the treasure remains til this day."

"And what do you propose with regard to it?" said Rosa, "for you know that even provided it does still remain there, the place is no longer your master's."

"And that's very true," replied Roger; "but," he continued, in a confident tone, "I mind weel that the auld maister said, that diamond thing ye wot of was worth a king's ransom, so gin that be

true, ye ken it's a wide word, and I think our auld King James, that they tell me is still gay poor, will maybe accep a pairt o' it; and that the other part will gang to buy back the ground that the treasure lies in."

"That is," said Rosa, "you think his Majesty may be bribed to remit a part of the penalty of forfeiture laid on your master, and allow him to bargain with the present possessor of Fast Castle; but I should very much doubt this, my good friend: and, besides, I fear that the value of the necklace, though undoubtedly much, is not what you suppose; whatever it may be, however, you may rest assured it shall soon be restored to its rightful owner, and that without saying you have interfered in the matter: Meanwhile I hope you will believe that I feel much obliged to you for having reminded me of an act of justice, of which I had not thought; and now," she continued, holding out her purse, "if you will accept of this trifling remembrance, be assured I shall feel it a favour."

"Na, na," said Roger, as he seemed to shrink from the proffered money, "I said truth, when I tell't you I did na need it; I have only sought my master's right; and sae, depending on your word, lady, not to tell the young laird about my naming the bonny dye, and likewise on yere discretion in giving it to him again, I maun just take my leave, though I canna altogether help hoping ye will take a better thought, and no always scorn my young master, that might be a born prince, though you be sic a grand and a beautiful lady."

"Nay," said Rosa, while her cheek flushed, "say not that I *scorn* him, good friend; on the contrary, I believe him to possess every virtue, and am truly happy that he has so faithful a servant as yourself."

"Say ye sae lady?" replied Roger, while he made more accurate observations on her agitated countenance than she gave him credit for,—"why, maybe, then, ye are something eastie-wastie, and the bowls may row even after a'."

Rosa was here left to meditate on what Roger

had said, for, making a low and most reverential obeisance, he was gone beyond her reach before she recollected that she had intended to question him somewhat on his knowledge of the little hunchback.

CHAPTER XVII.

There is my purse, to cure that blow of thine.

SHAKESPEARE.

ON entering the road where the affray had taken place, our hero could not help casting a regretful look on the spot which he feared had been so fatal to the poor peasants, and where he shuddered to observe that the blood still lay, that had flowed so copiously from the head of the unfortunate Claude, while defending his right as the lover of the maiden whose charms had gained her so illustrious an admirer; and he hurried forward, that he might at once know the worst. Yet, under these uncomfortable circumstances, he could not avoid again admiring the cottage which, on the night before, had looked so beautiful in the moonlight, and which seemed to lose little of its picturesque character, by a nearer in-

spection. It was entirely enveloped in vines, interlaced in every direction, so as only to allow here and there a casement or a chimney to peep forth, as the indications of a human dwelling, without which it would have appeared as a superabundant growth of thick and luxuriant foliage and fruit, which had clustered round, and made impervious to the sight some little rocky hillock that rose in the midst of cultivated grounds.

After some search, Logan found an entrance to this rural den, through a door concealed by a trellised porch, at which having gently knocked with his riding-whip, it was presently opened by an aged man, whose appearance at once bespoke the respect and reverence of our hero. The face of this old man, though pale and wrinkled, still retained a large portion of the fire which had marked it in his youth, and which seemed now imparted to it by his dark eyes, that still preserved all their primeval lustre. His hair, which was as purely white as if no other hue had ever belonged to it, fell in long locks on either side of his cheeks, while his head, being bald on the top, was covered with a close black velvet cap, and a short

coat of dark camlet was thrown round his shoulders, for the warmth and nourishment it afforded to his infirm person, that was considerably bent by age; and, as Logan thought, from the melancholy cast of his countenance, perchance by sorrow. In this latter idea Logan was almost confirmed by the sound of his voice, in which there seemed something peculiarly mournful; as, with all the natural good breeding of a Frenchman, he invited him to enter his humble dwelling, and inquired, with courteousness, as he led the way to a little parlour, what had procured him the honour of the visit. To this Logan answered, that the business on which he had come was more particularly with a young maiden, Jacquenette by name, and whom it was necessary he should see immediately, if such was the pleasure of him who, if he conjectured aright, was her father. The old man eyed our hero while he spoke with a look of ireful distrust; and he had no sooner ceased, than he said in a voice, where grief and displeasure struggled for the mastery—

"You are not mistaken, young sir; I do indeed possess the authority of a parent over the young

maiden you have named, and it shall be exerted to prevent any return of an infatuation which had so nearly deprived me of my child. I speak thus, because I know of no other business you can have with my daughter, save such as in some measure relates to last night's adventure, which, as I said, had so nearly cut off from me my last earthly hope. If I am right in this, you certainly will not have the boldness to repeat your request; and even should there be a possibility that I am not so, still you must depart without seeing her. Make known your message to me therefore; and if it be one proper for her father to deliver, you have my word that she shall not remain ignorant of it. I am not unacquainted with the appearance of the man, who, presuming on his riches, and perhaps his rank, sought to carry off my child; and I am thus satisfied that you are not the person, but you may be sent here by him; nay, it is possible you may be the very same who assisted him in maltreating the young man to whom I have promised Jacquenette in marriage, and one of his assistants in the vineyard who accompanied him to rescue the silly maiden from

destruction; or," he continued, as he still went on without waiting for an answer, "or, perchance, you are a new lover, whom her beauty hath attracted; but even in that case you have your answer, and must depart, for she sees not the face of stranger man again, until she is the wife of Claude, who now, poor fellow, lies ill of the wound in his head received last night from her rich lover."

The old man was still proceeding with all the garrulity of age, without allowing his companion time to speak, when a tall, thin, middle-aged man entered the room, whom Logan immediately saw from his dress and tonsured head was a priest, and whom he imagined to be the same he had heard Jacquenette mention to the king as her confessor, in which he was presently confirmed, by the old man addressing him as Father Paul.

"I have again dressed the wound of thy son Claude," said the father; "and am still of opinion, that, if he can be kept from fever, he will shortly be well. The cut is not deep, and he principally suffers now from the great loss of blood

he hath sustained; and as to the young man Pierre, I met him as I entered the vineyard no whit the worse for his last night's encounter."

"Now, Heaven be praised for this!" fervently ejaculated Logan aloud, while he clasped his hands together, and looked upward in the excitation of the moment. The old man darted on him a look of reproach, and said—

"I have learned, young man, from that speech, that I was right in supposing it you who struck down Pierre. How do you, then, expect to escape the just penalty of the law for such a deed?"

"Nay, good Nicholas," said the monk mildly, "if ye have learned this by his incautious speech, forget not ye may also learn by it that the young man is not yet hardened in vice, though perchance the companion for a time of a practised villain: and let this consideration abate your wrath."

"Truly, good father," said Nicholas, "thou ever speakest wisely; yet is it hard for me to bridle my resentment, when I think of the offence that was meditated, so like to that which thou knowest has cost me so many years of misery. Ah!" he continued, "how dreadful, indeed, to

have lost my daughter too. But young man," he said, " you have not yet told your errand; you may safely speak it before this holy father, who thou seest is so merciful."

" Yet is the holy father somewhat more severe than truth warrants," replied Logan, " in regard to the noble gentleman whom he hath denominated a hardened villain, for saving his infatuated love of beauty, which sometimes causes him to lose sight of that principle of rectitude which guides him in every other action of his life, there is no fault can be charged upon him. Nevertheless, Heaven forbid I should seek to excuse him for his attempt to rob you of your daughter. As a proof of the truth of what I say in favour of this illustrious person, I now assure you, that his sorrow and regret for the mischief his unfortunate passion for your fair daughter hath caused, is as sincere and as deep as you could wish it. The message I bear from him is to assure her, that he will never again seek to behold her, while wishing her all happiness; he has sent her by me a marriage portion, which he desires her to accept

in token of his sincere repentance, and as a small atonement for his past conduct."

"I hope," returned the old man, "that what thou sayest about this man's repentance is true; but how shall I feel assured of it from the mouth of him, who, pretending as thou dost, to disapprove of his vice, still lent thine aid to it, by bearing him company, for the purpose of depriving me of my daughter; and assisted him with thy bodily prowess to bear down the simple and harmless young man, who only endeavoured to rescue her."

"Nay," replied Logan, "I do not expect that I should speak in mine own defence, for which purpose, I shall only [illegible] the fact of my being (as perhaps you may fail to perceive) the native of another country, and that while I was passing last night, in my way to Paris, through the path which [illegible] the adjacent wood skirts the road, I perceived a man set upon by double his number, who were armed with the most heavy and destructive tools used in your occupation. And I leave it to you to determine," he continued, "if the impulse which carried me to assist this man who fought

against such odds deserves a harsh construction. Especially if you consider, that I used not this sharp weapon (laying his hand on his sword), but contented myself, after disarming mine opponent, with warding off his blows, till urged on by circumstances to deal him one, which I am truly thankful to find hath not been so fatal as I apprehended."

Here Logan paused; and the old man replied, looking on his open countenance, where the stamp of genuine truth was too deeply impressed not to be comprehended.

"But how, then, comes it, young sir, that you are now employed on this confidential errand; and why has this person trusted a stranger with his vindication?"

"Why, merely, I suppose," returned Logan, "because I happened to be the only person informed of the circumstance."

Here the old man paused as in deep thought; and then said,—"You must, however, carry back the money, for my daughter shall have none of it No, no, she must not reap such wages for her folly; nor must this person suppose we can be thus recompensed, while methinks he may be well

satisfied that we have not detained his agent, that we might at least by his means discover the name of him who deserveth not thus to escape."

As the old man said this, his large bright eyes were lighted with the fire of indignation, and an expression of irritation diffused itself over his whole person, and Logan replied—

"Were you, however, to detain me, you might find it a harder matter than you seem to suppose, old man, to make me betray him who has thus trusted me, and who, I again repeat, is, in spite of one sad failing, as noble a gentleman as the world contains; for I would be cut to pieces ere his name should escape me."

"Ah! speak neither of you thus," said the monk, interposing: "Is life so long, that we can afford its precious moments to be spent in boasting our own miserable pride, and vaunting of our disposition to do deeds of which we so magnify the merit to ourselves, that, like those of the hypocrite, they have their reward? Alas! my friend Nicholas, think more wisely of this matter. A gracious Providence hath preserved thy daughter from harm, and thee from a sore bereavement;

the good Claude will soon be well, and when married to Jacquenette, will be much the better for a portion with her, which thou canst not afford to give. Accept, then, the money this young man hath brought; and which, should the giver's repentance not be sincere, may, if not taken by you, be expended in some less commendable way; meanwhile, let us sincerely hope that this may not be the case; and that, by rigid fast and penance, he may yet make his peace with heaven."

"I have been little accustomed for years past," said the old man, "to gainsay this holy Father in aught that he hath advised; and, therefore, young sir, let it even now be as he wills, though, I fear me, Claude will be little better pleased than I am."

"Fear not that," said Father Paul, "I will reason with him on the matter."

And thus having gained his purpose, and brought his visit to a peaceful termination, Logan took a kind leave of the old man. The very irritation he had shewed, and even his suspicions of himself, were, in the eyes of Logan, such indications of an upright mind, that he could not help

feeling his respect for him increase every instant. This was so apparent to Nicholas, that, joined with the warmth of Logan's farewell, it quite overcame all prejudice against him, and he said as they parted—

"Well, young sir, this gold which you have left, shall remain locked up until the day in which I bestow my daughter on Claude, when, if you will honour us with your presence, you shall yourself present it to Jacquenette."

Now, to speak truth, Logan's curiosity to see, by day-light, the rustic beauty who had captivated so great a king, was not little, and he therefore accepted, with pleasure, this invitation to her wedding, which he promised to attend; and, after having directed the old man where to find him, he left the house, accompanied by Father Paul, who, by his desire, conducted him to where Pierre was employed in the grounds. Logan having requested a bunch of grapes of him, put into his hand a reward, the munificence of which made the young clown extend his eyes and mouth with the most ludicrous manifestation of silent astonishment, at a generosity of which he could not un-

derstand the motive, and of which he was not let into the secret, until he had made known his surprise to his old master, when he acknowledged that the young gentleman had fought fairly on the night before, and that the rap on his head had been nobly recompensed.

Meanwhile, our hero, on his way to his horses, retained Father Paul as his companion through the wood, who shewed himself no way averse to enter into conversation.

"I am happy, my son," said the priest, "that thy visit hath thus ended; for, though the worthy Nicholas hath passed through the furnace of affliction, which hath nearly purified him from his earthly dross, yet there remaineth a remnant of it which still clingeth to his nature, and sheweth itself in the shape of what poor weak mortals are too apt to term a valiant spirit, though, in sooth, it is in him nought but the last stronghold of Satan, that, when cast down, shall be succeeded by that entire meekness which is required by our holy religion."

"The old man has, then, been unfortunate, good

Father?" said Logan; "I suspected as much from the cast of sadness so visible on his countenance."

"Ay, my son," replied the priest, "the first sorrow of which he was made to taste was even a sore one; for it was the same with that so affectingly represented by Nathan the Prophet; for he had a ewe lamb that his rich neighbour coveted, and took from him."

"Good heaven!" said Logan, much affected by this information, "no wonder his spirit was moved by this attempt to withdraw his daughter from him. My only surprise is, that he hath shewn so much calmness and forbearance."

"Young man," replied the Father, as he turned on him a look of pity, "thou hast but lately begun thy career of life, and knowest nought of the patient endurance which may be acquired from misfortunes when they are intended as ultimate blessings. The good Nicholas would, a few years ago, have spurned at the thought of the meek forbearance which now marks him out as fitted for heaven as much perchance as thou couldst."

"Pray," said Logan, "is it long, Father, since this mischance happened to the good man?"

" Some twelve or thirteen years, my son," said the priest, " and never shall I forget his distress the first time I saw him afterwards, when I took my wonted yearly journey to the province where he then resided, and found him sitting at his cottage-door, with his little boy and girl, one on each knee, to whose prattle he was listening. But as I approached, overcome by the sight of an old friend, who had so lately seen him a doating husband, the tears ran in floods down his cheeks; and, unable to speak, he set down his children, and fled from me. It pleased Heaven, however, that my poor endeavours to reason with, and comfort him, were crowned with success, and that, in a later affliction, occasioned by the loss of his son, some eighteen months ago, he still listened to me with advantage; yet not to me, as I am in myself a poor weak worm, but as the messenger of glad tidings to the meek."

" Alas! the death of the poor old man's son," said Logan, " must indeed have been a heavy stroke to him; and what, I pray you, became of his wife?"

" The unfortunate young woman," returned Fa-

ther Paul, survived her departure from rectitude but a short time; sorrow and shame soon found her a refuge "where the weary are at rest, and the wicked cease from troubling." But I said not that her son also died, at least we know not of his decease. Better had it been, perhaps, for himself and his father, had it been so; for, falling into evil company, and rebelling against the authority of his parent, he left his home, and hath not since been heard of. And yet," he continued, "it is strange that this should be so, if he is still alive; for he was ever a kind-hearted youth, and more especially loving to his sister Jacquenette, of whom, being two years younger than himself, he seemed, from her very infancy, to take a particular charge. Thus you see old Nicholas hath had many trials which he hath been prone to impute entirely to his folly in marrying a young and beautiful maiden, when he was himself far stricken in years, and from whence, no doubt, all his troubles hath arisen."

There was one thing in the discourse of Nicholas which had puzzled Logan, and which, though he did not care to interrogate him on the subject, he

yet felt a wish to have explained; and this was what he had said with regard to his being acquainted with the appearance of the person who had attempted to carry off his daughter; and determined, if possible, to find out its meaning, he now said to the monk—

"Said not old Nicholas, holy Father, that he knew him on whose behalf I visited his cottage; and if so, what means his profession of ignorance concerning him?"

"No, my son," returned the Father, "he said not that his knowledge extended farther than an acquaintance with his person and features. This same man (or nobleman, perhaps, I should say), having been engaged in hunting the boar, came to his vineyard one day, when, having outridden his attendants in the chase, he was hungry and weary; and the heart of the old man being ever open to hospitality, he caused his daughter to set before him such viands as his house afforded, part of which being the fairest and earliest grapes of the vineyard, gave him but too good a pretence for returning soon after, during another hunting expedi-

tion, to crave some of the same fruit. It would appear, however, that Claude, whose eyes were too sharp for him, discovered his admiration of Jacquenette, and being confirmed in his fear that she encouraged him, watched them so closely that, while standing near a bower, where they sat, he heard the appointment for last night, and thus surprised them. But had he also known that the heart of the young maiden, though for a short time carried away by vanity, was too pure, and retained too much love for himself, to allow of her keeping her promise with his rival, and that she had confessed all to me, and was determined to act by my advice, he would not have committed the sin of attempting to destroy his fellow creature. Oh! when shall man, made in the image of his Creator, cease to feel the murderous propensity to deface that image in his brother."

"You think, then, that the maiden would have remained firm to her purpose?" said Logan, willing, if possible, to confirm in his own mind the good opinion he had formed of her on the night before.

"I do," said Father Paul, "for, though she is

but sixteen years of age, she is not uninstructed in the holy duties of her religion, having had the advantage of her father's precepts, who, being originally intended, in his youth, for the church, received such education as well fitted him to become the preceptor of his children."

"And yet," replied Logan, "you say his son hath not benefited thereby, which might reasonably engender fear for his daughter likewise?"

"True," returned the Father, "but it required a long course of evil company to seduce the poor lad from his duty, to which the maiden hath not been exposed; and recollect that she still thought her new lover wooed her for his wife, of the fallacy of which belief I could not convince her."

Logan and Father Paul having now crossed the wood to where the horses of the former awaited him, the Father proceeded on his way to his convent, which lay a little farther on, while our hero went back to Paris, and shortly after arrived again at the Arsenal, where he found the Duke as busily employed among his papers as ever. But though seemingly so deeply occupied that Logan's entrance was totally unperceived by him, immediately on his be-

coming sensible that he stood on the opposite side of his table, he laid down the documents in his hand, and eagerly awaited his communication, which, our hero, knowing the value of Sully's time, made in as few words as he could, but which, even delivered in this concise manner, proved highly satisfactory to him, as affording a prospect of gratification to his Royal Master.

For, though this upright and truly good man strongly disapproved of those intrigues in which Henry was constantly involved, and from the disagreeable consequences of which he was frequently called on to assist in extricating him; yet, loving the man as much as he hated the vice, he did all that in him lay to remedy the evil by honest counsel and fearless admonition.

We have said that Sully highly disapproved of the intrigues of his master; but our narrative would be deficient in truth, were we to conceal that the Duke, strange as it may at first sight appear, was, so far from being dissatisfied with the king's admiration of Jacquenette, that he hailed it as a happy omen.

This opinion was founded on the termination of the affair having shewn that Henry was

capable of making a sacrifice of his inclination, contrary to what Sully's former experiences of his temperament might have led him to expect. The Duke also rejoiced in it, as an indication that the pasion which the King had a short time before conceived for the Princess De Condé, was not of that totally engrossing kind that had led him to dread would produce the most fatal consequences, not only to the King himself, but also to the French nation.

Nor will this fear seem to have been without foundation, when it is known that Henry being deeply smitten with the charms of Mademoiselle de Montmorency, all the rhetoric of Sully had failed to counteract his infatuation, and that, not daring, on account of her high family, to make dishonourable proposals, he had fallen on the plan of marrying her to his cousin the Prince de Condé, that he might, as he alleged, enjoy her society. Sully, to whom he made no secret of his attachment, was, however, no more imposed upon by this specious pretext, than was the husband of the Princess, who, foreseeing that nothing but trouble and disgrace could arise from it, suddenly made

his escape from France, carrying his wife behind him, on horseback, to seek a retreat at Brussels, which was then part of the Spanish territory, and from which he refused to return to the dominions of Henry. It is no wonder, then, if this affair of the peasant girl was considered as a propitious omen by Sully, who, having been accustomed to see his royal master surrender himself the willing slave of a love which, having once taken possession of him, bore down, for the time, all opposition, and every consideration of prudence, could now scarcely credit the king's resignation of Jacquenette to her rustic lover; but, being assured of its truth, he augured some happy change in Henry's mind from a sacrifice so unexpected, as well as from his having been so far able to abstract his thoughts from the Princess as to give her a rival in his imagination.

Thus, from the consideration suggested by this whole affair, in which Logan had borne so conspicuous a part, the Duke felt a degree of satisfaction that seemed to brighten every feature in his face, as he thanked our hero, in the warmest terms, not only for the assistance he had rendered

the king, when attacked by the peasants, but also for the propitious news he had just brought him. Desiring Logan to accompany him, he led the way to a small antiroom where sat a young man, in a military uniform, of a frank and prepossessing countenance, who rose on the Duke's entrance, and whom he introduced to Logan as the Count d'Aubigné, and one of his fellow officers in the King's Guard, to whose good offices he recommended him, as one fully qualified to instruct him in all the minutiæ of dress and bearing belonging to his new profession.

This young man undertook the task with a good humoured alacrity, which at once superseded the necessity of the apologies Logan began to make for thus becoming a tax upon his time and patience. No sooner, however, had the Duke made the two young men known to each other, and retired to his more important avocations, than the Count advanced toward Logan, and exclaimed, while his coal black eyes sent forth most comic glances—

"Ah! Monsieur, I hope you have not forgot-

ten your friend of the pillion—him who had the honour of acting as your groom last night, but who being now, in all proper form, constituted your teacher, hopes to find in you a docile pupil."

Logan having his memory thus refreshed, speedily recognized this young gentleman as the same who had, on the night before, at the king's command, delivered up his steed to him, and they immediately became as well acquainted as if they had known one another from childhood,—so soon is reciprocal kindness established between the young and ingenuous.

The young Count now taking the arm of Logan, conducted him to the Louvre, where he introduced him to some of his brother officers then on duty; and where he pointed out to him the improvements made on that magnificent palace by Henry the Fourth, who had much enlarged and embellished it by the addition of the splendid galleries, which yet stand as a monument of the taste and magnificence of this monarch; whose memory the French nation still cherish and honour with a

devotion calculated for the edification of her kings to the latest posterity, and who will ever remain, in the estimation of the enlightened and unprejudiced, as the first of sovereigns. For who can contemplate his justice,—his affectionate love for his people,—and his generous and magnanimous mind,—without feeling an enthusiastic glow of admiration for this truly illustrious king? while the recollection of his one imperfection must ever form the dark fore-ground of this bright picture.

During the peregrinations of Logan and his companion, the exuberant spirits of the latter frequently burst forth into sallies that owned no restraint, in one of which he thus addressed Logan—·

"And ye knew me not again, Monsieur, for that same forlorn knight of the pillion who figured on yonder horse, in a cause for which 'the world hath been well lost,' at least so saith one of your English dramatists; though may heaven keep us poor wights from such folly, for, methinks, it is only the credit and purses of kings and princes who can deal in it?"

"Nay," said Logan, "I should suppose that the greater a man's rank the less he could afford it, because his conduct will be the more marked; and, consequently, his character will suffer in proportion to the example he is bound to give to his inferiors."

"Surely, my dear friend, you commit a mistake in this matter," said the young nobleman; "for, you know, the richer they are the better they can bear such wild expenditure, and the higher their rank, and even the older and the graver they are, the less will they be suspected of such licence, and therefore the less will be the evil. But were such pretty young fellows as you and I to adopt these pastimes, they would be followed as the fashion, and the mischiefs arising from our example would be of course incalculable. Thus it is so far fortunate that the scantiness of our means contributes to our virtue. I should, perhaps, however, crave pardon for supposing that you, like myself, have cause to bless your stars for what, after all," he said with a shrug, "is rather an equivocal cause of thankfulness."

"Yet credit me, Sir Count," returned Logan, "when I say small means are welcome to me on such conditions; and small enough, I ween, are my present resources. You have therefore done me no wrong in supposing I may be included in what you are pleased to say is your own predicament."

"Believe me," returned the young man, "I am not *pleased* to say it, yet such is, however, the case. But what of that? I take it, nevertheless, upon the credit of my birth, my military rank, and mine own modest assurance, to live as well, and to hold my head as high, as if a certain old gentleman, whom I call uncle, had already left me the fortune I shall one day inherit. Therefore come with me," he added, as they left the square of the Louvre, "and I will presently introduce you to the best tailor in the world, who shall take your proportions, and furnish you in a few hours with a most superlative uniform. Ah! you must trust to my taste. For, besides being instinctively gifted in all these matters, I was sent for by the Duke to be useful to you; and must therefore

make a point of providing you with all necessary accoutrements. By my faith," he continued, " my friend, you are a highly favoured person. There are many of his Majesty's oldest soldiers who, if I mistake not, would give something to stand in your shoes, for that you are a decided favourite admits of small doubt. That this should be the case, however, with a foreigner, so lately arrived in France, is a mystery which hang me if I can fathom."

" Why, what is the mystery you wish to fathom? I am the bearer of letters of authority from England to the Duke," said Logan, not yet sure that the Count was aware that he was acquainted with the fact of its being the King with whom he was in company on the night before, and unwilling to betray his knowledge of this circumstance, lest he should tell aught he might be expected by Henry to conceal.

" True," said his volatile friend, " very true; but you will not attempt to deny that you met his Majesty by chance, for of so much knowledge I became possessed. And had you succeeded in

assisting him to place on the pillion the person for whom it was prepared, I could easily have understood why you stand so high in favour; but all in that quarter was disappointment, I am led to believe, and it is therefore that I speak of mystery."

"Nay, tempt me not, my good friend," said Logan, "for remember the secrets of kings are sacred. Yet it is due to myself to say, that I certainly would not have aided in placing on the pillion the person for whom it was intended, whatever might have been the guerdon; and yet no man living loves your king, perhaps, better than I do."

"And he is, indeed, worthy of all love and worship;" said the young Count. "Ah! might we but follow him now as his older soldiers have done; but we are less fortunate to live with him in times that he is cultivating the arts of peace with the same vigour he did those of war. Well, well, patience," he continued, "it will not always be thus, I hope. But come, we are now at the door of Monsieur Tailleur." And, having said this,

the two young men passed into the house, where we shall leave them, while we relate what has meanwhile passed in England.

CHAPTER XVIII.

.....Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,—
This is no flattery: these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.

SHAKESPEARE.

ROSA was no sooner assured of Logan's having left London, than the distaste which she had so long felt for its pageants and its gaieties, arose to such an intolerable weariness, that, for the few weeks of her remaining there until she became of age, she nearly confined herself to her own apartments; where she was frequently left for hours by herself, to indulge the melancholy

which, in spite of her resolves to banish her former engagement to Logan, and all ideas connected with him, from her memory, seemed daily to increase. The only hope which brightened her prospects arose from the near approach of the time when she would journey to Scotland. For she endeavoured to persuade herself that the happiness of childhood would return in those very scenes where she felt she had taken leave of it; and that, when settled in the bosom of its sequestered shades, peace would be her companion. Meanwhile, as we have said, she was left, for the short time that remained before her departure, much to herself. For the occupations of Lady Carey confined her so much to the apartments of the Duke of York, that it was but seldom she saw her; and Isabella spent much of her time with Lord Algerton, whom she was, as her cousin knew, in the practice of meeting frequently at the apartments of a lady who was one of her Majesty's maids of honour, who encouraged her in her folly. Rosa had of late remarked that she was again become the very emblem of gaiety, but that, along with this buoyant spirit, there was a degree

of reserve maintained by her on the subject of Lord Algerton which she had never shewn before, and which Rosa found it impossible to remove by questions, that tended to make her disclose her feelings in her usual undisguised manner. But this alteration of behaviour, in both these instances, she thought she could account for, by supposing them to spring from a firm belief in Lord Algerton's attachment, and a complete approval of his designs with regard to herself, whatever they might be.

Well content, however, as Isabella seemed now to be with her future prospects, it was not possible for her more thinking cousin to feel easy on her account. The selfish vanity, weak love of show, and the glaring versatility of Lord Algerton, made her heartily despise him, while she knew that these qualities combined to strengthen his influence over her cousin, who, considering them as perfections, because the prevailing follies of the day, admired them accordingly. Thus, blinded by the eclat secured to him among the most celebrated votaries of fashion, poor Isabella

never looked deeper than the surface, and never questioned of herself how these same qualifications, on which she put such value in her lover, were suited to increase her happiness when he became her husband. Sufficient to her seemed the triumph of becoming his wife on any terms; while Rosa dreaded that, should he sacrifice his self-interest so far as to allow of her standing in that relation to him, the consequence to her would be that of a life of misery. The hope, therefore, of effecting a separation between them, by carrying Isabella to Scotland, added another strong motive to her wish of departing as speedily as possible, which wish, meeting no opposition from Sir Robert and Lady Carey, and being most heartily acquiesced in by Isabella, she at length left London on the very day following that on which, having arrived at the age of one-and-twenty, she was entitled to take her concerns, for the most part, into her own hands, and reside where she pleased.

The morning on which they set out on their journey proving most delightful, they left Denmark House very early, on their ambling palfreys, preferring this mode of travelling, in fine weather,

to that of being cooped up in their heavy and clumsy carriage, which so little resembled the coach of the present day, that the denomination of waggon might be thought much more appropriate, could it now be seen lumbering on, at a stately pace, which four active horses were never able to change into more rapid motion.

In this vehicle sat Annie Sprott, in company with the handmaiden of Isabella, while their ladies now cantered on before, or walked their horses, till they again came up with the carriage, being attended by two persons, well armed with pistols and sharp weapons; one being the same lad who had, in our sixth chapter, admitted Lord Algerton to his brother's den; and the other, our old friend Roger, who, from the lurking feelings of his mistress toward Logan, and from the good offices done him by Sir Robert Carey, was honoured by riding next her person, and receiving her orders for the conduct of her journey, in all matters save those necessary to be arranged by the young man we have just mentioned, with whom Rosa had settled, as one who well knew the road,

the distance to be travelled each day, and whose handsome and quick-looking countenance tacitly promised the talents necessary to a clever purveyor, which were moreover confirmed by the prompt diligence of his movements when employed as avant-courier. The coachman, and a man of gigantic stature, who followed the coach as its armed guard, completed the number of Rosa's train, being thought by Sir Robert Carey quite sufficient for her protection, in the peaceful time in which she travelled, outrages on the road being then almost unknown.

The cousins, as we have said, had chosen an early hour for the commencement of their journey, preferring the first of the morning to a more advanced period of the day, which choice gave them all the advantage of the early matins of the birds, and all those fresh-coming sights and sounds that are lost to those who slumber, after the sun hath advanced farther toward his meridian splendour.

Attended as we have described, they had reached the borders of Bedfordshire, when Rosa observed that Isabella, frequently turning round,

looked back in the direction they had travelled, and, at length, after watching for some short space of time, a cavalcade which was descending a hill at no great distance behind them, she declared them to be Lord Algerton and his attendants.

"Lord Algerton!" repeated Rosa, in the utmost surprise, while anxiety and displeasure displayed themselves on every feature, and in every tone of her voice,—"Why does he thus take the liberty of following us?"

Isabella now brought her palfrey so close up to her cousin's, as to be enabled to lay her hand on her's, while, with glowing cheeks, and eyes which in vain attempted to raise themselves to meet those of Rosa, she said—

"What, my dearest coz, if he should come to claim his *wife!* Would you be indeed very angry with me for having taken so decided a step without your consent or knowledge?"

Rosa was too much amazed by this sudden disclosure, and too much distressed by all the fears and doubts it involved, to be able to answer it immediately; but, after the pause of a minute, she said—

"A decided step, indeed, if in truth you jest not with me, dearest Isabella."

"Nay, sweet coz," replied Isabella, "I speak in sober earnest; for last night I became privately the wife of Lord Algerton."

"And why privately? Why not in the face of the world? Is he then ashamed of you; or what hath prompted him to offer you such an insult, or you to permit it?"

"Nay, now, speak not thus," replied Isabella; "You know that my dear lord hath so long made a boast of his freedom, that he could not have stood the jibes which a knowledge of his marriage would have subjected him to, and therefore I was bound to humour him in this particular, seeing that the ceremony was attended with all its necessary forms; the clergyman being an old pedagogue of my lord's, when receiving his education at the University of Cambridge, the proper number of witnesses being present, and the same being gone through under the dome of a church—having met in Paul's Walk at an hour when the good citizens had retired to indulge in their comfortable suppers."

"And so," said Rosa, vexed to the heart by this levity in speaking of a transaction which appalled her better judgment, "and so you are perfectly content, then, it appears, with a marriage patched up thus; a ceremony performed by one who, no doubt, by means of a bribe, was willing to lay aside the true dignity of a clergyman, that he might suit his patron's convenience—with the presence of witnesses of whom perhaps you know nothing—and with having entered into the most sacred vow in which woman is ever called to engage, not in a sanctuary exclusively set apart for the holy ordinances of God, but in a place where the idle discuss the news of the day, the plodding converse of their merchandize, and villains meet to concert the downfal of the state, or the ruin of private families. Alas, alas! my poor Isabella," she continued, while her voice softened into sorrow, "how have I forfeited your confidence, that you should have thus thought me unworthy of being consulted on so momentous a subject?"

"*Not worthy!*" repeated Isabella, stung by the reproach: "O say not so; for it was alone your too great worthiness, your wisdom, your discre-

tion, and your determination, which I feared; for, had you known of my intention, would you not have given it your most grave opposition; and, being unable to change my purpose, would you not have called in the aid of our guardian, who at least would have insisted on a public marriage, so contrary to the wish of my lord. Nay," she continued, looking at her cousin with an arch expression, "you cannot deny you would have done all this?"

"Most assuredly I should," said Rosa, "and have held such conduct to have been but my duty."

"I knew it," said Isabella, exultingly; "but I hope my own dear coz will believe, that, though I have loved my lord better than to thwart his wishes by making you my confidant, I still love you not less than I have always done—and you well know greater love I cannot bear to woman."

"Oh," replied Rosa, completely soothed into the deepest feelings of pity, "that the merciful Disposer of events, in whose hands are our lives, with all their vicissitudes, may be pleased to make this

marriage productive of happiness to thee, my own dear cousin. Is Lord Algerton, then, to accompany us to Lauderdale?" she said.

"That was what I could have wished," replied Isabella, "but you know it must not be my first act to insist on having mine own way; we therefore go on to his seat in Cambridgeshire just now. But he hath promised I shall pay you a visit in a few weeks, with which I must content me; though methinks it will go hard with me to leave my dearest coz to go alone to yon dull old castle, which, I fear, will soon become little better than a prison."

"I fear not that, though I fear the parting from you," said Rosa; who, not being consoled, as her cousin was, by exchanging the friend of her childhood for a more dear and interesting companion, felt that deep and poignant regret which every tender heart must experience in parting from those with whom they have long been united in the bonds of close intimacy and affection. For who, among the dim-sighted children of mortality, is gifted with sufficient prescience to say

what shall happen during the shortest period of separation from those they love; and how many have thus parted, to meet no more in this uncertain world, or to meet far differently from what they had anticipated! Alas! the killing frost of a single hour is often more than sufficient to blight all the fair blossoms of expectation. Such thoughts, which Rosa felt she had too much cause to indulge in her cousin's case, fell heavy on her heart, and occasioned a silence between them that was irksome to both, till overtaken by Lord Algerton, who, doffing his plumed beaver to Rosa and his bride, accosted them with his accustomed air of nonchalance, as if nothing particular had happened.

Rosa, unable to conceal her displeasure at his conduct, received him with marked reserve, and merely expressed her regret at being so unexpectedly deprived of the society of her cousin. Lord Algerton, volatile and unfeeling as he was, could not help being somewhat damped by the extreme coldness of Rosa's manner, and the short time they travelled together was marked by a restraint so uncomfortable to all parties, that it seemed an

equal relief when, their roads lying in different directions, a halt of their several equipages was called, and, Isabella's maid being mounted on horseback, that she might accompany her mistress, the cousins prepared to bid each other farewell.

It was not till this instant that poor Rosa felt as if bereft of all she loved, for she was now to be separated, for the first time, from one who had always appeared to her as a second self; one in whose joys and sorrows she had taken the deepest and most affectionate interest: and, worse than all, she was now about to resign her to the entire guidance and mercy of a man of whose heart and understanding she had the worst opinion, and this, too, at the very moment she had flattered herself that, by removing her beyond the sphere of his influence, she should save her from a fate she so much dreaded. Her grief, therefore, at parting with her, joined with her previous depression of spirits (by no means, as it may be supposed, lessened from having that morning taken leave of her guardian and ever kind aunt, for the first time since she was thrown on their care in her infancy) so completely overcame her, that, as Isa-

bella again approached and held out her hand, she wept and sobbed aloud, and, with some difficulty, was able to say, while she caught the opportunity of the absence of Lord Algerton, when giving orders to his servants—

" Remember me always as your sister, my beloved Isabella; and, should you ever want a friend, my heart and my arms will be open to receive you. In short," she said with a tremulous hesitation of voice, " should there ever happen any adverse change in your present prospects of happiness, let nothing, I charge you, prevent your instantly flying to me."

" Oh," said Isabella, while the fast falling tears and quick coming smiles strove for the mastery,—" Oh fear not for me. Have I not much cause to rely on a husband who hath preferred me portionless, and of small consequence as I am, to those so far my superiors in rank and riches?—and yet," she continued, " I feel a boding of sorrow that I am glad my dear lord cannot know." And now the tears streamed down her cheeks in torrents; but observing that her husband approached, she hastily wiped them off,

and, uttering an affectionate farewell, turned her horse's head in the direction she was about to pursue.

Lord Algerton, coming up to Rosa, renewed the promise he had made, that his bride should accompany him in a visit to her at no distant period, and bidding her a courteous farewell rode off with his wife, followed by a train of servants whose splendid appearance was most gratifying to their master's pride. They had no sooner disappeared in the contrary direction to that which she was herself pursuing, than Rosa began to revolve in her mind the whole matter of this sudden marriage, which so much amazed and perplexed her. She had never believed that it was the intention of Lord Algerton to make Isabella his wife, and though mistaken in this opinion, the extraordinary manner in which this marriage had taken place, had by no means lessened her fears for her cousin's happiness. The wish that Lord Algerton had expressed of avoiding the ridicule of a public marriage, could by no means impose on her understanding as it had done on that of her cousin; and when she thought on the sumptuous retinue

by which she was now attended, and recollected his passion for public display, she became more and more certain that, had not some deep and hidden cause prevented his espousing Isabella in the face of the court, he would have been too glad to seize on such an occasion to manifest his superior taste, and dazzle the eyes of his rivals with his magnificence. It was, however, in vain that she endeavoured to fathom this mystery, not having the clew to it which the reader possesses in the predetermination of the dwarf, and the necessity for Lord Algerton's complying with all his commands: she therefore could only regret the infatuation of her cousin in thus subjecting her destiny to be controlled by such a man as she had chosen.

All painful thoughts, however, vanished as the day gave place to the soft influence of a calm summer evening; and she contemplated the green earth, and all its diversities of hill and dale, wood and water, with the returning feelings of early childhood, until the shadow of night so completely enveloped all around, that, no longer soothed by the varying prospects, and assailed by the heaviness of the dew, which settled on her hair and garments

like rain-drops, she quitted her horse and entered the coach. The young man we before mentioned, who had gone forward to the next village to bespeak lodgings for the night, after being absent for a considerable length of time, came up and reported that both the inns in the small town they approached were entirely occupied, but that, in this dilemma, he had discovered a house, at some distance from the main road, which he described as a place amply sufficient for their accommodation, and where they would be willingly received. After journeying on for a few miles, the carriage following, Francisco turned off, presently, into a broad grassy lane, so overshadowed by trees, that they became, at once, enveloped in darkness, and they continued on until having completed what Rosa thought a most tedious distance from the high road, they at length arrived at the end of their journey for that night.

The carriage having drawn up before the door of a building, both Rosa and her maid looked from it, with an anxiety they could not have explained at the moment, but which we may so easily resolve into that sort of dread which affects the

human mind, in a more or less degree, when we are launching into any situation of which we are not furnished with the entire means of judging. Rosa and Annie Sprott, when they looked out of the coach window, beheld a dark building, and saw, by the glare of a large torch which he carried in his hand, the fearfully repelling features, and glaring eyes, of the same man who guarded the treasure in the gambling asylum of the dwarf, and who now acted as the person who took charge of a mansion, that had been for some time deserted by the proprietor. The regards of our two travellers were, however, soon turned, with a sense of relief, toward the young attendant who had provided this place of rest, and who, opening the coach door, doffed his Monteiro cap, and assisted Rosa to descend.

He was a slender youth, with a clear brown complexion, and a countenance, on which Rosa thought might be traced every feeling, as it flitted by. She had marked it before, while he received her orders on the journey; and she had also remarked, that the flexible bend of his dark eye-

brows, and the expression of his bright black eyes, signified that he was not happy; which interested her so much, that, especially when he looked on her with a flushed cheek, and a timid admiration, as he first beheld her uncovered countenance, now divested of the riding mask she had worn all day, she became anxious to know his history.

He now ushered her into a large square and sombre looking parlour, wainscoated with dark oak, which seemed, as she entered it, to assail her with a damp and chilly sensation. She immediately approached the roomy fire place, where a fire of wood had been recently kindled, whose feeble flame, still struggling with the cold of the stones on which it rested, seemed not yet determined whether to abide or depart; an appearance which affected her breast with a cheerlessness that added weight to an undefinable sense of dread that took possession of her as the strong presentiment of some unknown evil; and she sank into a chair, overcome as much by this feeling as by fatigue of body.

Being presently left alone, while Annie went to

see the apartment destined to their use for the night, she became so miserable, that, preferring exertion to what she deemed the indulgence of this weakness of mind, she took up a light, and going round the room, endeavoured to divert her attention by deciphering the sententious scraps of poetry which she had observed were emblazoned in gilded letters on the dark panels, and which, she found, each contained, according to the fashion of the olden time, some admonitory precept, adapted to the use made of the apartment in which they were found. This room having been appropriated to the entertainments of the table, its counsels went to enforce hospitality, cordiality, and temperance. Rosa, after having partially made the round of these apophthegms, with a painful effort to understand their meaning, again sat down near the fire, which now blazed up the wide chimney, with a crackling and impetuous noise, as if determined to make up at last for its late tardiness; its cheering endeavours being seconded by Annie, who assisted Francisco to place such refreshments before her as the place afforded, consisting of eggs, cream, butter, fruit, and wine. While the lad placed these things

on the table, Rosa perceived that he several times regarded her with a look, which, she thought, expressed commiseration, and which adding a sensation of alarm to her other uncomfortable feelings, he had no sooner left the room, than she interrogated Annie on the subject of her observation, who replied, while her disturbed looks kept full pace with those of her mistress—

" Indeed, I know not what he means, for there is something strange in his whole behaviour; one thing, however, I am sure of, he is faithful to you, lady."

" Why," said Rosa, " so little hath been required of him, that I am at a loss to understand what you mean, or why you thus judge."

" I judge from his looks of his sincerity, and therefore," said Annie, " I believe his words."

" Ah !" replied Rosa, still more alarmed than she had been, " I charge you Annie, tell me all you know, and all you think."

" Why, he told me but even now, that he would stand by so sweet a lady to the last drop of his blood, and that if any thing occurred in your journey to frighten you, that you need not fear "

"Indeed!" said Rosa, "but why should he say this, for I trust no occasion will offer in which his faith will be put to such a test?"

"Ay, God forbid that it should," replied Annie, while she looked round each gloomy corner of the spacious apartment with a startled eye: "But yet"—and she stopped short, as if conscious of saying somewhat that was imprudent.

"Yet what?" said Rosa, "tell me what you mean."

"Nay, dear lady, all that I mean," replied Annie, "is, that I wish to-morrow morning were risen, and that we were fairly out of this gloomy looking house, where every thing seems so dull and dark, and where the man who keeps it makes my very blood creep to behold his savage face. It puts me in mind of the wicked enchanters I used to read of, that kept castles where they eat up all the strangers they could catch. Oh dear me! for while I prepared your supper in the kitchen, where there is no woman body, I trembled in every limb, as he watched me with his great heavy eyes."

"I beseech you, Annie," replied Rosa, "not to

talk in this way, for my spirits are far from being good to-night; I know not why, but I am dreadfully appalled by the look of this forlorn place, and the man that received us made much the same impression on me that you describe. Therefore, let us not be so foolish as to indulge ourselves in such weak fancies; the number of my well armed attendants ought to set us above fear from a single man, though even the very ogre you have spoken of. Go, then, my good girl, and look after our night's accommodation, for I am wearied, and ready for repose."

Annie obeyed this mandate of Rosa without any reply, and returned in a few minutes to light her mistress to her sleeping apartments, who, as they ascended the broad old staircase, remarked, that the house was apparently of no large dimensions. In this opinion she was further confirmed on reaching the passage at the top, from whence it appeared that not more than half a dozen rooms branched off. On entering one of these she was somewhat surprised to see that it contained no bed. Annie, however, desired her still to follow, when, having crossed the large and nearly empty apartment,

they entered a small turret chamber, in which was burning a cheerful wood fire, and where two neat looking small beds seemed prepared for occupation, with an appearance of repose so inviting, that Rosa longed to take immediate possession of one of them, which she speedily accomplished, with little Mignon for her companion. Wishing earnestly to depart on her journey as soon as possible next morning, and fearing that the beds might be damp, from the dilapidated state of all around her, she lay down in her clothes, advising her handmaiden to do the same

The door was no sooner made fast, than Annie having obeyed her injunctions, they both recommended themselves to the protection of Heaven, and invoked the kindly influence of Morpheus. But we are sorry to say, he refused to strew his poppies on their pillows; for Rosa's imagination shaking itself clear of all present occurrences, dwelt on the image of Logan, with all his real and fancied endowments, while that of her poor handmaiden, which had, like a too early spring-flower, been crushed by a cruel storm, now again beginning, under more genial influence, to lift its crest, and expand in hope,

was most unintentionally sunning itself in the brightness of Francisco's perfections. The black eyes, and facinating *tout ensemble*, with the insinuating speech, and admiring glances of this young man, had made, during their short journey, a sudden but deep and tender impression on a heart naturally soft, and which misfortune had rendered particularly susceptible of the kinder affections, and that, since the death of her brother and father, had known no anchor of hope, except in her love for Rosa, who had, from her kind treatment, been to her instead of those blood relations she had so recently and so miserably lost.

CHAPTER XIX.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care,
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight.—

POPE.

WHILE the thoughts of mistress and maid were thus employed, they were both startled by the discontent of Mignon, who, raising his head from the comfortable position in which it reposed, uttered several growls of alarm. Feeling assured, upon listening, that they heard heavy footsteps in the empty room through which they had passed, both bounded with a simultaneous motion from their beds, and stood upon the floor, while they listened in expectation of again hearing repeated the sounds that had so much alarmed them.

No noise, however, of a similar kind assailing their ears for a length of time, they again became

reassured, and the moon at that moment emerging from a dark cloud, and shining brightly into the little apartment, Rosa approached the window, and opening the casement, perceived that the place she occupied stood upon the utmost verge of an overhanging precipice, full fifty feet above a lake, almost covered with rushes, which she would not have known to be water, had not the rays of the moon been reflected from the spaces free of such vegetation. Whilst thus looking from the window, Annie recalled her attention from outward objects, by laying her hand upon her shoulder, and pointing, with an alarmed look, toward the door, when she became sensible that some one was entering the room, though at the instant they could see nothing, from the entrance of the room being placed in the shade of one of the bedsteads. Of this intended intrusion Rosa's little dog seemed to be quite as well aware as herself, evincing his dislike of it by a sharp and continued bark, which Annie silenced, by snatching him up, and wrapping his head in her garments. This was no sooner done than the gigantic figure of a man stood before them in the moon-light, and Annie uttered a loud scream, which her mistress

had much difficulty in silencing, while, with a courage resulting from desperation, she said, "Who are you, and why have you so strangely entered my sleeping apartment; it must surely be some extraordinary errand that has brought you here?"

"You say truth, I have come upon an extraordinary errand," replied the man; and "yet, lady, on a merciful one,—so be not afraid." While he thus spoke, the moon shone on his face, and shewed a set of features so little expressive of mercy, that they gave the lie to his words, and filled his two trembling auditors with horror, as he continued—

"I now come to offer you an escape from a fearful death, which inevitably awaits you within this hour, unless you agree to the proposals I am desired to make for your safety."

"For heaven's sake," said Rosa, approaching some steps nearer to the man, in the excitation of the moment—"for heaven's sake, tell me what is this strange danger, and how I can avoid it."

"The danger," replied the man, "is, as I have said, as inevitable as it is horrible. For it is no less than having that fair and tender body crushed into atoms by the ruins of this tower, which now appears to afford you so firm a resting-place, and

which, before an hour has passed, will be loosened from its foundation, and hurled into the Mere, that extends beneath."

Rosa turned instinctively to the window and shuddered, as she recollected the depth which lay under it, but her eye lighting on the massy wall which bordered the casement, she felt her faith in this dreadful prognostication somewhat weakened, and struck with the idea that he was endeavouring to impose upon her, for some sinister purpose of his own, she summoned up all her courage, and said firmly, while she pointed to the wall—

"I know not how to believe so strange an affirmation with regard to a place which appears to have endured for so many years, and which seems so capable of enduring for as many more."

"Come this way, lady," said he, seizing on her arm, and drawing her across the floor, while a sort of malicious ridicule took possession of his features,—"Come this way, and satisfy yourself that the hope you have founded on the strength of this building is vain."

Having said this, he pointed out to her notice a deep crack in each corner of the room, where it was joined to the main building, and, not content

with her seeing this, he thrust her hand into one of the fissures as far as the wrist, and, leading her across to the opposite corner, repeated the action, which was there even more convincing, as a complete separation appeared to have taken place between the spot where she stood and the main part of the building. His purpose of convincing her of the probability of his assertion was not yet complete, for he next led her to the window, and made her bend over it, while he pointed out to her a small rising in the ground, which seemed to overhang the precipice at the foot of the tower, and then said—

"I swear to you, that all it requires to accomplish your fate is a removal of that slight impediment, which a dozen strokes of a pick-axe is sufficient to accomplish, and perhaps you may now be able to comprehend somewhat of your perilous situation, when I tell you that such operation is even now about to be commenced, and unless you agree to the proposals I am sent here to make, your death is certain."

"But you said you came here to save us," said Annie, "Why not, then, let us fly from this danger directly?"

"I said not so, young woman," he replied; "you will be otherwise cared for, my orders only extending to your mistress, whom I am to convey hence to a place of safety, provided she agrees to the terms offered her."

Here a deep and agonized groan issued from Annie; and Rosa, fearful that some threat to her helpless attendant was implied in this speech, said, "I solemnly declare that I will not desert this poor girl, therefore shew us directly the way of escape, or leave me to take my chance of perishing with her."

"We shall see," said the man, "if this heroic resolution of yours abides the first fall of the pick-axe, for not much longer may I stay here in safety to myself. But remember, I said not that the girl was doomed, if you are saved, which I tell you once more depends on your determination."

"Let me hear quickly then," said Rosa, "what I am required to do, though I repeat that I will, on no pretence, be separated from this maiden."

"Know then," replied the man, "that I am sent here by one who has long adored your beauty, and that it is he only who can save you from your present impending fate, which is

the contrivance of Lord Algerton, whose love for you being turned to the most deadly hate, by your refusal of his hand, and whose necessities and covetous nature tempting him to the deed, hath married the heiress of your ample fortunes, and is now determined to possess them by thus ridding himself of you."

Here he paused, as if to give her a short space to reflect on what he had said. Before he attempted to proceed, this dreadful assurance of the deep and hardened villany of Lord Algerton, and the consequent misery of Isabella, together with the dreadful situation in which herself and Annie now stood, convulsed the whole frame of Rosa, and she felt as if the sickness of death had come over her, while Annie, who was terror-struck with what she had heard, threw herself on the side of the bed in helpless and hopeless despair. The deadly feeling at Rosa's heart lasted, however, but during a few of its pulsations, when, rousing herself again, she said—

"But, if you are no way concerned in this horrible transaction, and the person who employed you has really any regard for me, why do you not immediately open the door and let us escape?"

"I *am* concerned in this matter," said the man, "in so far that I have sworn to liberate you but on two conditions,—one of which is, that you consent to marry the person of whom I have spoken, and the other that you travel to a distance, which is necessary for your safety, without asking your conductor any questions, and without attempting to make your escape, should such opportunity offer. Swear, then, that you will comply with these conditions, and I will immediately liberate you, and in a short space you will be travelling in perfect safety toward the point of your destination."

"And where," asked Rosa, "am I to go?"

"Nay, lady," said the man, whose dark figure towering above her, seemed to overawe her spirit, "Nay, lady, recollect yourself. Such information is no part of the compact, nor am I at liberty to be more communicative. You must accept the terms offered absolutely in the way I have stated, or perish."

A dull deavy sound, such as a large hammer produces on wood, and which evidently proceeded from the external foundations of the building, formed a dreadful commentary on this peremptory sentence, and caused Annie to utter a short cry of

terror, and rush up close to her mistress. For some moments all was silent; a silence more dreadful, however, than the screams of a massacre; when, at length, another strenuous and lusty stroke, aimed at the foundation of the turret, and which communicated the awful feeling of a death-knell to the unhappy victims, caused both to raise their voices in the extremity of horror and dismay. The giant figure of their oppressor now drew toward the door, with the two unfortunate women clinging to each side of him. When he had reached it, he stood for a moment still.

"Consider well, lady," he said, "for the time is brief; each of these strokes brings the building nearer to its fate; say, will you swear what I require?"

The love of life must ever be acknowledged as one of the strongest principles of animal feeling, and bitter, during the time since this man's entrance, had been the pangs that assailed the soul of Rosa; yet, gifted with that true disinterestedness of spirit which scorns to take advantage of the greatest purposed good, when it is to involve the destruction of a fellow creature, she committed herself to the protection of her heavenly Father, with the full assurance of his ultimate mercy, and

a firm belief that this was only to be obtained by an undeviating trust in him. Under this conviction, Rosa answered to that momentous question, "Will you swear to what I require?"

"I *will* swear to accompany you without question, and without effort to escape, during my journey; but this is all I can promise, for I will neither leave this poor maiden to the mercy of my oppressor, nor will I promise to marry a man of whom I know nothing; my span of life is in the hand of God, and in him is my trust."

There was a firmness of resolution in every solemn accent in which these words were delivered, too apparent not to carry a full conviction of the strength of mind which dictated them. Yet the man still remained within the turret till several strokes of the pick-axe had again fallen on the small mound of earth piled against it. At length the building began to shake to its foundation, when, throwing Rosa and her maid both from him with a sudden sweep of his arms, he passed through the door, and fastened it upon them, while the strokes were still repeated on the outside, and the whole fabric seemed tottering to its downfal. They now assailed the door with the same despairing and infuriate efforts, with which the wretch who has been

buried alive may be supposed to beat round the walls of his tomb. But, when their lives appeared to hang upon a point of time, and the next stroke seemed to threaten their instant extermination, the door against which they leaned suddenly flew open, and precipitated them both headlong into the large chamber through which they had passed on the night before, when, upon springing again to their feet, they perceived that the man who had so lately left them stood at their side.

"Wait here," he said, "until I return; but recollect your certain death follows on the slightest sound that issues from this apartment. Meanwhile, use the few minutes you are allowed, in taking from these mails," pointing, as he said this, to their trunks, which were here lodged, "what necessaries you may require for a journey of three days."

Having said this, he departed, and locked the door upon them, while little Mignon jumped upon Rosa, and began a whine of congratulation, much to the terror of his mistress, who made Annie again seize upon him, and taking a ribband from her own dress, she formed it into a muzzle, so tightly fixed, as to prevent him from again offending in the same way. They next applied themselves to the trunks, of which, however, having

left the keys in the inner chamber, where they dared not venture, they applied themselves to force open, by means of a poker and a large nail, abstracted from the wall, and lost no time in selecting such garments as they deemed most appropriate for the occasion. Having put them up in a bundle, they instantly retreated to the upper end of the room, where they sat themselves down on an old sofa, and where, observing the extreme strength of the building in which she now was, Rosa ventured to cross the room to a window, which, from its situation, allowed of her observing that this part of the house was furnished with two towers on its opposite corners, and that the fall of the one which she had just quitted could by no means be supposed to affect the room in which she now was. She had hardly reached the window which allowed of her making these observations, when, as she leaned against it, it shook violently for an instant, and in the next she beheld the whole mass of the tower topple down into the Mere beneath, while the wind rushed through the door that led into it. There was nothing in the way of the descending building for it to strike against, and its fall was therefore unaccompanied by any very loud noise; but, while the disturbed waters be-

neath rose in a high spray, a deep and sullen sound issued from the bosom of the lake, as the stones sought their resting place in its muddy depth; and a shudder passed through the frame of Rosa, when she thought on the narrow escape she had made from finding a grave in its ruins.

All was no sooner quiet again, than she began to feel impatient for the reappearance of her ruffian visitor; for reason seemed to say, that one so hardened might still consign her, and her poor handmaiden, to death, without any regret, being sensible, as she was, that he had already allowed them to run a risk from the falling of the building, which he had evidently avoided himself. Yet hope, that essence of intellectual light, which sometimes imperceptibly mingles in our darkest views, mixed itself with the forebodings of our heroine; as the sun, though unseen, still prevents the total darkness of the most gloomy and wintry day. She had not, however, waited long, when the key, again turning in the door, gave warning of some one's approach, and the same man who had just left them, made his appearance. Commanding them to make as little noise as possible, he motioned them to follow him; and, having descended the stairs with a slow and stealthy pace, in

which he was initiated by his followers, they reached a long circuitous passage on the ground-floor, threaded by him with so much rapidity, that Rosa and Annie had enough to do to keep up with him. At the end of this avenue from the main building, which seemed to pass through many outhouses, their guide opened a door, and throwing the lamp from him with which he had lighted them, he hurried them forward into, what appeared to Rosa, a continuation of the same dark lane she had passed in coming to the house. Immediately on their reaching this spot, their guide, uttering a low challenge, was answered by the tramp of horses, and, in a shorter time than we can tell it, Rosa and her maid being each mounted behind a horseman, set forward at a round pace, speedily leaving the house at a great distance behind them.

An obstinate silence was maintained by their guides, until having travelled at the same rapid rate for a length of time, their road lying mostly through a thick wooded country, they approached, early on the forenoon of the next day, within a few miles of the sea, when the man who rode before Rosa informed her, that having crossed the county of Essex, they had nearly arrived at the

sea-side; which having reached shortly afterwards, he pointed out a small vessel, in a retired bay; on board of which having presently hurried her and Annie, he followed with the horses and the other guide, and instantly set sail.

Meanwhile, the renewed light of the morning had shewn, to the half crazed Roger, the tower wherein Rosa had been lodged the night before, slipped from its foundation, having buried beneath it, as he imagined, the bodies of his master's betrothed, and the unfortunate Annie Sprott. Roger's affliction and consternation at this sudden and disastrous event knew no bounds, nor did his distress fail to make some impression of pity on the minds of those who knew full well no such accident had happened. In this number all the late attendants of Rosa may be included, except her coachman, who was a trusty old servant of Sir Robert Carey's, and who being equally deceived with Roger, heartily joined him in his lamentations, as also in his exertions to procure the necessary assistance and implements to recover the bodies. From this fruitless attempt they however at length desisted, in the belief that the mass of stones must effectually keep them down, and prevent any ac-

tess of the nets, hooks, and such like contrivances as were employed to drag the Mere. In this search, which continued during the whole of the ensuing day, all the vestige they met with of those whom they supposed to have perished, was the riding-hat of Rosa, which, having been left in the tower, had accidentally escaped from the ruin, and floated on the water; this being taken up by Roger, was kept as a sacred relic, and carried with him back to London, whither he immediately returned with his companions, to give to Sir Robert Carey an account of the fatal accident which had happened to his ward. The dismal recital, which caused the heaviest distress to her kind guardian, and her aunt, created a deep sensation throughout the whole circle in which Rosa had moved with that gentle influence which had gained her so many friends. Vain, however, were these regrets to withhold one consequence resulting from her well accredited death; and her large possessions in Scotland passed, without question, to her cousin Isabella, being the next heir of entail.

CHAPTER XIV.

'From Scotland 'am stolen, even of pure love.'

SHAKESPEARE.

LOGAN had no sooner quitted the Queen's presence than, in compliance with her desire, he returned to his humble lodging at Jasper's, there to remain till he received the communication she had promised him.

This promise, though far from being explicit, yet, coupled with Sir Robert Carey's hints, had the effect of producing a hope so sanguine, that his impatience knew no bounds, and his whole mind was divided between guessing at the place of his destination and the image of Rosa. That image never presented itself without his feeling a

keen pang of regret for having expressed himself in such strong terms to her cousin; for he conjectured that she must have become acquainted with his sentiments, and that this knowledge had in fact formed that barrier of which she had spoken; for, had an angel announced to him her disinterestedness, he would not have been more firmly persuaded of it than from what she had uttered in the Queen's dressing room.

Love had been, for the first time, kindled in his bosom, when he beheld this betrothed, whom he had so long contemned and shunned. He had admired the beauty of the same light figure in the festal hall, when it seemed to belong to her cousin, and had listened to the same voice, with all its soft modulations. But he had dwelt long enough in Italy to become embued with a passion for dark eyes and dark tresses, and he could not therefore help feeling a degree of dissatisfaction that these soul-subduing tones, and that aërial figure should be coupled with flaxen locks, however bright, and eyes even of heavenly blue, which he thought must be their natural concomitants. No wonder, then, if, when he saw Rosa possessed of

the same faultless figure, and heard her speak with the same voice, while she looked on him with eyes dark as those of the "gazelle," where "soul beamed forth in every spark," and he beheld her long and raven tresses which more than fulfilled all his ideas of perfect beauty, that he was taken captive by such unrivalled fascinations, and that her idea seemed to blend itself with every thought of future happiness, while a mist, which was fated to become every day darker and more impenetrable, spread itself over his hopes of ever being united to her. The retired and prisoner-like life which Logan led at Jasper's, where he had, for a fortnight, no companion save little Mignon, and during which time he never ventured out to breathe the air till after dusk, tended perhaps more strongly to confirm the impression made on him by Rosa, whose perfections thus dwelt ever before him, without any thing to call off his attention from her, and from the sentiment to which she had given rise, which, however sudden had been its commencement, was henceforward doomed to occupy his whole soul. We have just said that, some-

times during his abode at Jasper's, Logan ventured out in the evenings. It was never, however, till objects became almost indistinct that he dared to leave the house, and then he always bent his steps to the fields near the outskirts of the city, where, having wandered for an hour or two, with his little dog following at his heel, or gamboling before him, he returned again to occupy his solitary apartment. Observing one night that he had been for some time followed by a man who, at no great distance behind him, seemed to dog him at every turn, and who, as the road became more private, approached nearer and nearer, till it seemed his evident intention to come in close contact with him; Logan resolved to know what he meant; and, turning round, he suddenly faced the man, who appeared of tall stature and great bulk, while he said—

"You seem, like myself, to be taking a late walk, friend."

"Aye," returned the man, "and upon your account too."

"Explain yourself," said Logan, "what have you to do with me?"

" Ye may weel say that, Restalrig," returned our friend Roger, " when ye canna sae muckle as let me gang upon the same road without a challenge. But it's a' in vain; for, as lang as I walk this warld, your road maun be my road. Ye may deny me to be yere follower; ye may leave me ahint, and care less nor I did to part from my puir colley tyke: or, if sic be yere pleasure, ye may cleave me now where I stand wi' yere sword, for coming here contrair to yere will; but return I winna, till yere honour gangs back to possess yere ain again. I am happier in this muckle, clarty, reeky hole, now that I'm near hand yoursel, than I could be amang your ain pleasant hills, and you wandering I kenned na where. Sae aboon a' thing, Restalrig, say nathing about setting me awa again; for, as ye winna gie me the bield o' your countenance, I'm resolved to tak the bield o' your shadow, for that's what ye canna refuse to the very stanes ye pass ower."

" My good Roger," said Logan, " though in this indistinct light I might mistake your features, I cannot fail to recognize you in the faithful language that none other would use to his outcast

master. Sorry, however, am I that you have left your own country to wander after one that must, I fear, seem to your kind heart so very thoughtless and ungrateful."

"Na, na, not that neither, Restalrig; for I kenned," said Roger, hastily interrupting him, "that ye did it a' for kindness, and for what ye thought my gude. But then ye see I wad hae been sae miserable when ye was awa, without the possibility o' kenning what might come ower ye, that, to mak a lang tale short, it was just impossible for me to bide ahint, so I e'en keepit my neb under the hatches, as they ca'd it, in the bit ship, and cam alang wi' ye. Sae ye see, Jasper, where yere honour has yere lodging, turning out to be an auld Northumberland acquaintance, that I had it in my power ance to oblige a wee bit, him and I are as thrang as three in a bed, though he clean denied me the sight o' ye in his ain house the last night, because he said he wad come to mischief if his maister Sir Robert kenned that he had let ony body see ye; and troth I didna threep very sair wi' him, for I wad be laith to bring ony ill upon him. Nathless I fand out,

frae the lassie his grandaughter, that ye took a bit walk whiles at night; and so I e'en took my stance no far frae the door or ye cam out, and followed a piece off till ye had gotten clear o' the streets, because I hae something to tell ye, and some advice to gie ye, that ye'll be muckle the better o', gin ye tak it."

"Speak on, then, my honest fellow," said Logan, "for, if I cannot take your advice, I shall at least be grateful for your kindness in giving it."

"Ay, it's very like ye winna tak it," replied Roger, "for, to speak heaven's truth, I dinna expect it, after ye hae sitten in yere ain light as ye hae done else; but there is but ane account that ony reasonable body can gie o' the matter,—ye are witched, as sure as ever man was witched."

"Me bewitched!" said Logan, hardly able to restrain a laugh, "tell me, I pray you, what signs do you judge from? But, remember, I lack belief in those emissaries of Satan who seem to disturb you so much, and of whom I recollect you used to tell me such marvellous tales in my boyhood."

"Mair's the pity, mair's the pity," responded

Roger, in a dolorous tone of heartfelt commiseration, not perhaps quite unmingled with a spice of contempt for his young master's gross ignorance in these momentous matters, "and that's the reason why the evil ane has siccan dominion ower ye."

"Really Roger," replied Logan, "this is too absurd—What do you mean by the devil's having gained a dominion over me? I trust none of my actions merit such a suspicion. But perhaps I have unwittingly broken in, since we entered this field, upon some fairy ring, or trodden on some such *boggly bit*, as you used to warn me against, when you fortified me with thrusting into my pockets bits of the rowan tree, stones with holes in them, horse-shoes, and such like trash. I am, however, no longer a child to believe in such nonsense."

"There's as wise and as auld folk as either yere honour or me that believes in the evil eye and the evil wuss, and the power o' the devil, for a' that," said Roger; "or then the very king upon his throne wadna hae written a buik anent it, and as little wad the doucest judges in the land hae condemned as mony to the death for the same sin of

witchcraft. But it's nonsense argle bargling about it; for your unbelief is just the strongest proof that can be gien that ye are bewitched. May your een be opened, and ye forgien for siccan wickedness,"—here Roger uttered a deep groân. "But a wilfu' man maun hae his way, and them that will to Cupar maun to Cupar, as I tell'd the Lady Rosa."

"As you told the Lady Rosa!" said Logan, in unfeigned astonishment; "where, or how, or when, saw ye her? Speak, man, instantly, and let me know what all this means."

"I'se do that," replied Roger, "as fast as I can; but the story canna be all told in an instant, seeing that 'it might serve for a tale o' twa drinks,' as they say."

"Go on, go on," said Logan; "but first tell me when and where you saw her."

"I can easy do that," said Roger, "it was twa nights syne, in the Queen's ain palace where she bides, and, moreover, by her ain desire."

Logan's surprise at this reply increased so much, that he could scarcely articulate his injunctions to

Roger to proceed, while his impatience to hear what he had to tell knew no bounds.

"Weel, then, to begin at the right end o' it," said Roger, "yere honour minds the lassie Sprott that ye forgathered wi' at the Ghaisty Gully. Didna she come a' the gait here a while syne, wi' her puir demented father, that deed or ever he wan under shelter, and left her to the wide warld. Sae it happened, by an unco queer chance, that she wan in to be the waiting woman, as they ca' it, o' the Lady Rosa; and sae ye see, wi' kennin' her lang syne, and by some wee favour I had shewn the puir wench, she had spoken o' me, it's like, to the lady, and upon that she sent for me."

"And what did she want with you?" said Logan, getting more and more interested in so strange a story.

"Why, jeest," said Roger, cunningly concealing the story of the necklace; "Why, jeest to gee me siller; but I didna tak it, for I tel't her I didna need it; though I used the opportunity to let her ken that I wasna sic a stranger as she took me for, being that the auld laird sent me ance wi' a letter till her, whilk I gied intil her 'ain hand at

Norham. And then I used the freedom to tell that I had ance hoped till see her sit in my auld lady's seat."

"Hah!" said Logan, "what said she to that?"

"Why, I dinna ken," responded Roger; "but to my mind it was as muckle as that it was yere honour's ain blame that the swine had gane through it."

"She could not say so, surely?" said Logan.

"Na, na, I'm o' yere mind, *she* COULDNA *say sae;* but gin ye had seen her, blushing like a May mornin', and heard her praising ye as I did, ye wad maybe hae thought that she wad fain hae said it gin she durst. But ye ken that was clean out o' the question after ye had telt her ye couldna bide her, and that ye wadna hae her, and had garr'd her, for sheer shame, gie up the contrac', and that afore the Queen."

"In the name of wonder," said Logan, "what *can* all this mean! Did the lady tell you this story?"

"Atweel did she not," said Roger; "but Annie Sprott did, and she doesna lee."

"And did her mistress tell it to Annie, then?"

"Not that neither," said Roger, "but, ye see, the lassie sleeps some gait about the lady's ain room, and sae she heard her mistress telling her cousin about it."

And here Roger related all that had passed between the cousins; by which means Logan became acquainted with Rosa's having danced with him at the masque, and, in short, with nearly all that the reader knows. It was not till Roger had finished this detail that our hero recollected there was some impropriety in his having listened to it. When, however, this did occur to him, he desired Roger to school Annie Sprott upon her imprudence in repeating information gained in such a way, and to charge her not to speak on her mistress's affairs at all.

Roger, however, seemed to make very light of what his master said upon this subject; and assured him that he knew Annie would rather have her tongue cut out than tell her lady's secrets to any but himself; but that he had made her promise, nay swear, to tell him all that should come to her knowledge respecting the Lady Rosa. He also alleged that he was instigated to this by several parti-

cular reasons; hinting, at the same time, very mysteriously, that he believed it would require much good management in both him and Annie to prevent her suffering from the malevolence of a wily agent of Satan, who, he suspected, was much inclined to blight her future prospects. Roger had again raised Logan's curiosity, which he did not appear so willing to satisfy as in the first instance, and it required, therefore, no little trouble to sift out of him the story about Humphrey Algerton; for, as his own opinion of the supernatural qualities of the dwarf was firmly fixed, and he had made it the basis of an extraordinary superstructure of wild fancies which filled his head with a thousand vagaries, he feared to expose himself to his master's derision. Nor was his fear less, of hearing one to whom he was so truly attached express his disbelief of what he imagined it so impious to doubt, insomuch that it absolutely made his blood run cold when he witnessed his scepticism. Thus it was, that Logan found it somewhat difficult to become master of Roger's secret about the dwarf, which he only extracted by degrees, and by putting a guard upon his expressions of disbelief in

the marvellous parts of the story. This conduct of his master so delighted the superstitious herdsman, that, having escaped contradiction with regard to the wonderful surmises he had been making about the dwarf, he took courage to go farther, in the supposition that he had now convinced Logan of the existence of a warlock, and therefore would be listened to with somewhat more of conviction, should he touch once again upon a subject which he considered of the last importance.

"Weel now," said he, after having at length told all he knew and all he imagined about the dwarf—"Weel now, Restalrig, that ye are willing to hearken till reason, div ye no think, in real soberness, that the little hunchbackit elfish body I hae tell'd ye about, is maist likely at the bottom o' yere being sae mad as to gie up sic a fair and gallant lady, wi' a pair o' bonny dark een that glanced in my face like the rock diamonds at St Abb's when the sun glints on them; and a tongue that for sweetness might wile the laverock out o' the lift; and her the Lady o' Earnscastle, and a hale parochine besides, and that could gie ye siller enough to buy back Fast Castle, where

ye might dig till ye wan at the treasure that belangs to ye? My certie, I warrant it's nae sma' ane that has keepit that puir white creature sae lang out o' her grave, gaun about scraffing like a new grippit hen. And troth it should be seen till, if it were only for conscience sake, that she might win till her rest."

"But Roger, you know, or perhaps you do not know," said Logan, "that, by the act of forfeiture passed upon me, I am debarred from possessing any ground whatever, or, in fact, any thing else in these kingdoms."

"Ou I ken," returned Roger, "I ken o' a' their deevilish contrivances. But now, ye see, this is the bit advice I was wanting to gie ye,—if yere honour can get as mickle siller here as till mak up a gay bit poke o' goud, and get some furthy chiel to pit it in the King's ain hand, gin he wad promise to release ye frae that part o' the penalty, then ye might marry the lady, ye ken."

"Indeed, my good Roger," replied Logan, "if this is all the hope I can entertain of possessing riches, I fear your advice must still be thrown away upon me, for there is small chance of my

being enabled either to bribe the king or marry the lady, as your scheme, it appears, must be put in practice by means of no inconsiderable sum."

"Wad ye but promise me though," said the persevering Roger, "that, gin ye should by ony chance get as muckle, ye will tak my advice, I wad be content."

"Nay," said Logan, "it would be very folly to make promises on such an improbable event."

"For a' that, as broken ships have come to land," responded Roger, while a degree of triumph mingled in the tones with which he uttered this prediction that alarmed Logan, and he replied—

"I trust you have formed no project of your own for possessing me of money for this purpose. For remember," he added, somewhat sternly, "you will not only be sure to fail in your expectation, whatever it may be, but will also as surely be the means of leading me into some dilemma, inconsistent with my honour, which it may be impossible for me ever to forgive. I therefore entreat you, my faithful fellow," he added, in a mild-

er tone, " to abandon all these scheming fancies; and let us trust in Providence that I may yet rise above my present misfortunes, without falling on any unjustifiable means to better my condition."

" Weel, weel, but your honour kens that ' there's na saying where a blessing may light;' for, jeest to speak anent mysel, syne I gat leave to thresh thae puddin-pocks of Englishers, it seems like a new warld to me, and deed I never thought to hae as muckle satisfaction out o' my ain country as I've had a while bye past. Sae ye see queer things turn up."

" Got leave to thrash Englishmen!" said Logan; " why, Roger, it seems your natural language to speak in riddles, but I would advise you not to imagine that, however successful you may have been already in your quarrels, that you will always escape with impunity; and I would moreover beg, that, as a follower of mine (which you choose to style yourself), you may not be found in any more of those broils of which you seem to make such boast, for be sure that evil will come of it."

" Hout, yere honour," said Roger, " ye ken

' a black hen lays a white egg ;' and what for may na thae broils, as ye ca' them, turn out to my profit ?"

" Indeed," said Logan, " you may take my word they will never profit any man."

" Dinna be ower sure o' that," returned Roger, in a triumphant tone of contradiction, " for mony a braid piece o' the red gowd hae they laid i' my keist nuik, forby the satisfaction, as I tell't ye, I hae gotten, to say nathing o' the honour."

" Pray let me know in plain language, if you *can*," said Logan, " what you are talking of, for it is vain for me to listen to you otherwise."

" Deed," responded Roger, " I never intended to speak anent the matter ava, or, at ony rate, till I had gotten enough to do some gude wi', but it just cam out, for yere honour's sae sharp there's nae hiding ony thing. Ye'll ken the place they ca' Parish (Paris) Gardens, where they bait the bears, jeest ower the water at Southwark ? Weel, ye see, I forgathered ae day wi' ane that tell't me there was to be a fight at that same place betwixt ane o' the Armstrongs (a border lad, that was banished a while syne frae Scotland, for ta-

king his part in a bit stramash), and ane o' their crack English bullies. Weel, ye see, it was sae ordered that Armstrong got a sound threshing, and sa, whan I heard the gowk that had dang him gang blawing about, and telling us that he wad tak in hand to thresh the best in a' Scotland, my crappin raise, and I flang up my blue bonnet, and cry'd till him that I was willing to stand a bit paik for the honour o' my nation. So till it we went, and he kenned himsel' if I did nae gie him his heart's content or we parted. So, whan he lay for deed, ye wad hae thought the noise o' shouting and clapping o' hands that raise frae the hale folk was eneugh to deave a body; and then the siller cam showering in till my bonnet like hailstanes, and my sang but I thought that grand fun, baith to get leave to beat them, and be paid for it intil the bargain. Sae I hae tried the same sport twa or three times again, and have aye come off victor, and gotten a good pickle siller."

"But, notwithstanding this good fortune of yours," said Logan, after he had heard him to the end without interruption, "you must either now promise me to give up this new calling, or forfeit

my favour entirely; for I solemnly declare, that, if you persist in carrying on this dangerous occupation, I will never speak to you more."

"There's nae need to daur me that gait, Restalrig," replied Roger, rather sulkily, "for I'm sure yere honour's wish is as gude as a law to me ony day, if it binna in the matter o' following ye. Sae, if that will content ye, I'se ne'er gang back till the Parish Gardens again."

"Would that you would obey me in the other matter also," said Logan, with earnestness,—"a matter in which I am much interested, and by which you have it in your power to add greatly to my comfort."

"Only let me ken what ye wad hae me to do," replied Roger, "and gin it lays in the power o' mortal it shall be done, saving it be to gang far awa' frae ye; ony thing but that ye may be sure o'."

"Say not so, but listen to me Roger," said Logan, "for you may depend on the truth of every word I am about to utter. The kindness of your heart, and your faithful conduct, have caused me to feel the strongest regard for you; and

the moment I am able to keep a servant (or a follower you would say), you shall come to me; nor will we ever part again, save by your own wish. But meantime you cannot distress me more than by persisting in remaining near me. Moreover it is probable that I may very shortly leave this kingdom for some foreign country, where it would be quite impossible for you to follow me. Now, this being the case, you have it in your power, by returning immediately to Scotland with the money you have acquired in so strange a way, to confer a favour on me, as I shall consider your doing so a further proof of your faithful regard. Say, then, in a word, will you, for my sake, return to your own country?"

"Waes me, that ye shou'd speak this gait," said Roger, in a tone of lamentation; "waes me," he repeated again, in apparently still deeper distress, but presently seeming to have made up his mind, his voice sounded more cheerful, as he said, "Weel Restalrig, I'se tell ye what it is; as to yere leaving the kingdom, that's naething to the matter in hand, for I'se warrant me I wad find my way wherever ye gaed. But there's just ae

condition that will gar me gang back till auld Scotland, and that is, gin ye will get me in to be ane o' the Lady Rosa's folk, when she gangs down till her inheritance; for ye see I'm thinking there'll be some gay canny posts to fill up about her hand, and I wad maybe come as well to my purpose if I gaed wi' the bonny bird as gin I stayed wi' yeresel, for ye ken, 'a friend in need's a friend indeed;' and I wad aye be in the way to pit in a word nows and thens, whan I got convenient opportunity, jeest to keep her in mind o' yere honour, till ye cam hame again."

Logan could not help smiling at the idea of such an extraordinary remembrancer, though there was something grateful to his feelings in the thought of placing one so faithful to his interests, and so worthy of trust, near the person of Rosa.

"But how know you that the lady intends to go down to Scotland; and, if she does, how can I ask this favour of her?"

"But ye can speak a word to Sir Robert ye ken," said Roger; "and as for the certainty o' the Lady Rosa returning to her ain country, she tell't Annie that she will be at Earnscastle or

many weeks are past, and promised to tak her to bide wi' her there."

This plan of speaking to Sir Robert Carey in Roger's behalf seemed feasable, and Logan, therefore, promising to accede to it, bid him a kind good night, and turned his steps homewards. Roger having parted from his master, had not proceeded above a hundred yards in the direction of his own habitation, when he felt something touch his heels, and perceived that Mignon had followed him. A thought instantly struck him, and, taking the dog up in his arms, he said to himself, "Ay, my bonny man, an' ye have come after auld Roger have ye? weel ye shanna be the waur o' it, for ye shall get a braw uppitting, belive my lad;" and as he held the little animal under his arm, he chuckled to himself at the bright idea that had crossed his brain. Meanwhile he patted and fondled it in the tenderest manner, and no sooner arrived at his lodging, than he expended on his dumb friend's supper more than he had ever done on his own, for he still kept to his homely diet of oatmeal, which he never varied, in spite of his boasted riches, except when invited to some more luxu-

rious repast, by those with whom he happened to come in contact. But, though the little Mignon shared the couch of Roger for that night, he was destined to partake of one less humble on that which followed; for the next morning was not far advanced, when Annie Sprott called to inquire for her old friend and countryman, and was prevailed on by Roger to take charge of the dog, by his assuring her, that, as "the puir wee beastie was turned fashious to his master while under hiding, she could not do him a greater favour than to take charge o' the bit creature that he liked sae weel, and wad on nae account hae parted wi' gin he could hae keepit it."

Now, though Roger by no means commonly indulged himself in the invention of falsehoods, and had no small contempt for such as did, yet he congratulated himself not a little, as we have said, on his intention of transferring his master's favourite from him to the Lady Rosa, though at the expence of a little untruth; believing that he should be able to augur much with regard to the lady's feelings toward his master, from her behaviour to Mignon, for he did not fail to quote

to himself the old proverb, "Love me, love my dog." Nor did he forget to give Annie a slight hint that he expected her to tell the story she had heard from him about the dog to her mistress, as he was sure it would gratify his master very much to learn that she had taken it. Nor, as Annie firmly believed all that Roger told her, did she hesitate to repeat it to her lady, keeping to herself however what he said about the pleasure Logan would feel in knowing the dog was taken charge of by her mistress; Annie's natural sense supplying her with tact sufficient to conceal this circumstance, lest she should alarm the delicacy of Rosa, and prevent her from making a pet of the little animal, which she as well as Roger thought no unlikely means of keeping his master in her constant remembrance,—an effect devoutly wished by Annie, from her enthusiastic attachment to both parties. The kindness and gentleness of Rosa had entirely won the affection of the lowly girl, while she could never think of the generous conduct of our hero toward her, without feeling her heart glow with gratitude. We have before spoken of the extreme beauty of the

little Mignon, which of itself would have been a sufficient recommendation to Rosa, who had always been fond of such little animals, following at least, in this instance, the fashion of the day,—for the ladies of her time were not a whit behind those whom old Holinshed so unmercifully reprobates for their inordinate passion for these little creatures, who went by the denomination of comforters. Mignon had, however, higher claims upon the regard of Rosa than those derived from his extraordinary beauty, and Roger was soon made happy by Annie's report of his being her mistress's constant companion, both day and night.

Meanwhile, when on the night of his meeting Roger, Logan arrived at his solitary house, and discovered that his little favourite was missing, none but those who have experienced a similar loss in such a situation can comprehend the keen distress it occasioned him, for never did that best pourtrayed of all prisoners—he of Chillon—lament the departure of the lovely bird which cheered his existence with more than mortal sympathy, than did our hero that of his little companion, whose every movement he had watched with an in-

terest that beguiled him of many a weary hour, and in whose mirthful gambols he had often lost the sense of his own misery. He no sooner, therefore, discovered that Mignon had not followed him to his apartment, than he ran down stairs, and having opened the street door, and ascertained that he was not there, was about to retrace his steps, in order to seek him, though with a feeling that amounted to a complete conviction of the fruitlessness of his search. But while he pondered for a moment in utter despair of his recovery, he was accosted by Sir Robert Carey, and his thoughts of poor little Mignon gave way, for the time, to higher interests. Sir Robert was now the bearer of the long expected communication from her Majesty, which consisted of two letters. One of these was addressed for Phineas Pett, then shipbuilder at the king's dock-yard of Woolwich, who, having, by his Majesty's order, formerly constructed a small vessel, for the amusement and furtherance in naval knowledge of the Prince, became so great a favourite with him, not only from his technical knowledge, but from his sincere devotion to his highness, that the Prince had him

sworn into his service, and ever after treated him with great confidence and esteem.

The second letter, to the great joy of Logan, bore the superscription of the Duc de Sully, the well known minister of Henry IV. of France. The perusal of this cover sent at once a renovated feeling of hope to the heart of Logan, from the magnitude of the benefit which might very reasonably be expected from such an introduction, and the delightful anticipation of being, through its means, brought perhaps some day within a sphere where he might witness the actions of the monarch, whose valour had long fascinated his imagination. After the hurry of Logan's spirits, on receiving these letters, had a little subsided, he took occasion to mention the faithful Roger to Sir Robert, and, having told the story of his extraordinary disinterestedness and attachment to himself, in following him to London, he mentioned his extreme anxiety that he should return as quickly as possible to his native country, and Roger's wish of serving Mistress Rosa Grey, begging Sir Robert to use his interest with his ward, without naming him at all as a party concerned. While Sir Robert most

willingly promised all this, he confirmed the report of Rosa's determination to reside in the north as soon as she became of age, which event was now, he further added, near at hand. Then, taking a parcel from his pocket, and also producing the contract, which had been lodged with him as Rosa's guardian, he excused himself for not having destroyed it sooner, in pursuance of her desire; and, after submitting it to the examination of Logan, set fire to it at the light which burned on the table, and, laying it on the hearth, continued very coolly to watch and turn it over, till it was entirely consumed. Logan, who was employed in opening the little parcel, wherein was enclosed the before-mentioned diamond necklace, threw every now and then a glance toward the perishing bond, as he struggled with a regret much deeper than his pride would have chosen Sir Robert to suspect, but of which that gentleman might nevertheless have entertained some idea, had he not been too busily employed to allow of his making observations on the countenance of our hero, which, while he approached the light, and was un-

doing the fastenings of the little packet, not only turned pale, but exhibited those unequivocal symptoms of agitation, which must have instructed the most stupid observer that some strong emotion was affecting his mind. Presently, however, the parchment was consumed, the parcel opened, and Logan's presence of mind in some measure restored, for the latter contained a few lines from Rosa, which, though written in the most guarded way, as a formal resignation to its rightful owner of a valuable ornament, which she no longer felt herself entitled to retain, yet carried such a charm with it, that its value, in his estimation, far exceeded that of the jewels by which it was accompanied.

Having hastily put these precious lines into his pocket, he requested of Sir Robert that he would do him the favour to keep the carcanet for him in safety, until it might be in his power to reclaim it in more prosperous days. To this request Sir Robert assented, but not before he had, with all due delicacy, suggested that the instant disposal of it might, under Logan's present circumstances,

be more prudent. To this advice, however, our hero could not listen, and having made Sir Robert comprehend how much it would distress him to sell what was the last vestige that remained of his family's consequence, and the only thing he possessed which his mother had seen and touched, no more was said on the subject, and they parted with many mutual good wishes, equally sincere on both sides. Logan's gratitude to the man who had taken so much interest and trouble in his concerns was unbounded, while the admiration and esteem of Sir Robert was secured, by the honourable feelings manifested in the conduct of the high minded young man that he had been at first, it is more than probable, led to assist and countenance, through the instigation of the Queen.

Sir Robert had informed Logan that a boat would be in waiting for him, on the following night, at a certain hour, to convey him to the residence of Mr Phineas Pett, at Woolwich, from which place a vessel was to sail in a day or two at farthest, for the port of Havre de Grace,

on board of which was already embarked, by the Prince's order, mails, containing such wearing apparel as was befitting his acceptance, together with a small collection of books, selected with taste from the best authors, and every other necessary which could contribute to the comfort of a gentleman going abroad. Sir Robert had no sooner left the house, than Logan dispatched Jasper for his faithful old servant, of whom he took a most affectionate farewell. Roger was better reconciled to his departure, after hearing that Sir Robert had promised him his assistance in his views of serving the lady, than his master had expected, and, upon receiving the assurance of Logan that he would find means now and then to let him hear of his welfare, made his escape out of doors just in time to prevent the tears with which his eyes were brimful, from being seen to run down his rough cheeks.

The person to whom Logan was recommended at Woolwich, and who went in the court circles by the appellation of Prince Henry's *Pet*, had received so many marks of favour and notice from the

Prince, that it may be supposed he was too happy to be entrusted with the conduct of an affair, by which an opportunity was afforded him of shewing his devotion to his royal protector. He therefore paid every possible attention to our hero for the short time he remained his guest, taking care to provide amply for his accommodation in the vessel which was to convey him to France. We must now leave our hero to prosecute his voyage; his love for Rosa, meanwhile, continuing to strengthen with every hour that passed over his head, though his honourable or romantic pride—which the reader pleases—rose still paramount, and he determined to give no indication of the struggle he with such difficulty maintained, while there remained so wide a disparity between their outward circumstances. That this disparity should be removed, seemed to him, in his present state, almost hopeless, or, if it should one day be done away by his own exertions and the aid of fortune, was it not probable that Rosa might, ere that distant period, have bestowed herself upon one whom she deemed more deserving of her love? In this

gloomy state of mind he embarked for France, having both heart and brow clouded with the new misery of an ardent but hopeless passion.

CHAPTER XV.

Thus beauty lures the full-grown child,
With hue as bright, and wing as wild,
A chace of idle hopes and fears,
Begun in folly, closed in tears.

BYRON.

TAKING no further notice of the voyage and journey of Logan, than to inform our readers that they were prosperous, we proceed to conduct him within eight miles of Paris, when, being completely tired of riding a distance of a hundred miles upon miserable hacks, and tempted by a beautiful evening, he sent forward his French attendant with his horses, and a small portmanteau (having left his heavier trunks to follow him), and, betaking himself to the more primitive mode of biped progression, by using his own

feet, he wandered on, taking his direction from every peasant he met. Logan had every where observed since his landing in France, the spirit of activity and industry manifesting itself on all sides of him. This impulse, he was well aware, had been given to his people by the great king who now governed them. The devastating civil wars of the kingdom, which, for forty years, had embroiled the nation, having, before the commencement of his glorious reign, desolated one of the most beautiful of countries by its baneful influence, it remained for Henry IV. to remedy these evils; a task to which his transcendant genius and his benevolent heart were alone equal. Without waiting for the slow course of time, he had, by the resources of his own energetic mind, quickly restored his people to their peaceful habits and domestic propensities. As Logan journeyed on from Havre de Grace, he every where found the roads repaired, the bridges rebuilt, and the chateaux of the noblesse rearing again their proud turrets, amid newly ornamented grounds, where the smaller trees and shrubs, pruned of their neglected wildness, and many of them freshly touched by the knife of some

horticultural enchanter, were, in conformity with the humour of the time, made to assume many fantastic forms of birds or beasts, that seemed to preside in watchful guardianship over the formal parterres at their feet; while the lofty forest trees of these domains reared their majestic heads, and tossed their gigantic arms aloft, in mockery of all control, and as alone exempt from the curbing influence of man. But, if these objects were pleasing to behold, much more grateful to such a mind as that of Logan was the aspect presented by the cabin of the peasant, which, as he passed it by, never failed to present, at its leafy casements, smiling and happy faces, that seemed for the time to inspire him with kindred gaiety, and to banish from his mind those desponding thoughts which had lately taken possession of him, and which, since the idea of Rosa had filled his breast, were more intolerable than had previously visited his spirit in its deepest sorrow. The appearance of renovation and felicity borne by every thing on which he looked, soothed his mind, and inspired him with the most exalted ideas of a sovereign, who, having rendered his name immortal as a warrior, was now turning all his

thoughts to the renewal and encouragement of the useful arts, as the father of the great nation whom he governed. Nor could our hero, while reflecting on the character of Henry as the distributor of impartial justice, avoid contrasting his conduct with that of his own king, to whose neglect of this first of virtues he believed he entirely owed the injuries which had been heaped upon him. But all angry and repining thoughts were soon put to flight by his admiration of the scene through which he was passing. He had entered a wood, through which he was directed to steer his course as his nearest way to Paris, just as a glorious sun began to decline, and to shed that soft and shadowy light which preceded his total disappearance. The balmy air of the delightful climate was there impregnated with the fragrant odours of the wild flowers that sprinkled the fresh green turf, while he was led by the path he followed, now further into the shady recesses of a screen of embowering trees, and now nearer to the edge of the wood which bordered the road he had left for this inviting shelter. Sauntering on through the wood, and enlivened with all the delight which could send joy to the heart of the

most primitive lover of nature, the bias of his youthful disposition seemed to return, and, in that happy hour, undervaluing all that fickle fortune had deprived him of, he experienced some of those bright but too fleeting moments of life, when it seems as if the future events of time are to be moulded by our wishes, as he expatiated at large on the projects held out to him by his letter to the Duke of Sully from the Prince of England; for, under such patronage, what might not his ardent spirit accomplish? The present peaceful state of France, it was true, gave him little hope of immediately signalizing himself in her wars, but he could not believe that Henry would long allow the arms which were to him as familiar and faithful friends, to rust in inactivity. In short, Logan had entered an elysium of his own creation, of which Rosa was the presiding deity that furnished the essence of his anticipated happiness, while her beautiful face and figure dwelt upon his heart with a force and influence that appeared to him to constitute her the very genius of his destiny. That countenance which he had only once beheld, seemed ever present to his eye, beaming in all its soft and celestial light, while all

that he had heard and imagined of the romantic attachment to himself, that had endured for so many years, and, in all that time, withstood the seducements of a court, the blandishments of love, and the pride of riches, caused him to hope even against hope that he would one day establish a fame for himself which might admit of his claiming her. Thus treading the fresh sward with an elastic step, and a mind at present free from despondency, by which it was at times so completely borne down, he marked with delight, the sun, as it sunk beneath the horizon, give undisputed place to its sister luminary, who arose in all her harvest splendour, to shed a second day on the surrounding objects.

On the opposite side of the road, surrounded by a vineyard, a beautiful picturesque cottage lay, in the dewy softness of this stilly hour, as in deep repose amid its mazy wilderness of clustering vines, on which the rich and mellow light of the broad moon was thrown in unclouded splendour, while its beams only reached the spot where he stood, as making their obstructed way between the stems of the tall trees by which he was embowered. All heat from the god of day was now past, and the delightful

fragrance of the dewy wild flowers arose with concentrated sweetness, which, together with the soft song of the nightingale and the fairy prospect that opened before him, rendered this spot so like enchanted ground, that, somewhat fatigued by his long walk, he chose for himself a resting place on the stump of a tree, that had been felled a sufficient time to cover the inviting seat left by its remains with a thick coating of moss. The vineyard which Logan was now contemplating was one of those planted of late years under the auspices of the reigning monarch of France. There had formerly prevailed an idea that there was something inimical to the cultivation of the vine in the neighbourhood of Paris, which Henry was desirous to confute. Those who wrote on this subject had sometimes fixed the fault on the soil and climate, and sometimes on the indolence and negligence of the natives of the province, which strictures seemed confirmed by the notorious inferiority of the wines there produced. The king, who entered into the minutiæ of every thing likely to contribute to the prosperity or comfort of his people, being anxious to obviate these charges, had brought a number of vine-dressers

from Orleans, from the Duchy of Burgundy, and other parts of France, to settle near his capital, one of which now occupied this place.

The spot chosen for this vineyard lay sloping towards the south, on ground abounding with small hills or knolls, which, from the inequalities they exhibited, formed in the moonlight one of those beautiful and picturesque objects on which the eye delights to dwell, and, contrasted as it was by the deep, sombre, and impenetrable shade under which he sat, was to Logan's warm fancy, with all its bright green foliage and pendent loads of fruit, as the garden of the Hesperides without its dragon, though this latter idea seemed presently somewhat uncertain. Just as our hero was about to quit his seat, though still inclined to linger in the lovely precincts of so delightful a scene, he distinctly heard footsteps approaching in the path he was going to pursue; and, feeling the possibility of being attacked in this dark and lonely wood, he started up, and, while he listened to the sounds, which every instant drew nearer to him, he laid his hand upon the belt of his sword, such weapon being then the constant appendage of every man

who bore the rank of a gentleman. This precaution was, however, for the present unnecessary, as the person who approached struck off from the path occupied by Logan, just in time to prevent their coming in contact, and, entering the road between him and the vineyard, seated himself on a small grassy mound, thrown up on the opposite side of a low hedge, which alone separated it from the spot to which Logan had now moved, under a tree whose pensile branches swept the green turf around it, and formed an embowering shade so impervious to the sight of the traveller, that the most curious gaze must have failed, even at noonday, to detect an hundred eyes that might have peered forth from it in perfect security.

This tree grew so near the road that he could hear the quick respiration of the new comer, and might with ease have touched his head by inclining his body over the hedge. The man on whom he looked was enveloped in a large riding cloak, and wore an enormous slouched hat which fell on each shoulder, and, by its shade, completely concealed his face. His whole dress being of coarse materials, gave him so much the appearance of one of the

better sort of peasants, that Logan would have passed on without any curiosity on his account, had he not immediately, on seating himself, drawn forth a watch, which, as he held it up to the moon, from the circling rays of blue and sparkling lustre it sent forth, was evidently set with brilliants of no mean size and lustre. As he pushed aside his cloak, for the purpose of replacing that trinket in his pocket, Logan moreover caught a glance of a *couteau de chasse*, which appeared to be similarly ornamented. Now, therefore, that curiosity which is in some degree an inherent principle in our nature, began to assert its dominion over Logan, in the same manner as it does over all high minded people, who, habitually indifferent to the minor (and we may say *meaner)* incidents in the every-day history of their neighbours, yet feel a keen interest in events of rare occurrence; among which incidents Logan was induced to consider this: For that the rank of this person in the scale of society, was far superior to what his outward appearance was intended to indicate, appeared plainly from what he had already witnessed. Watches at that day being the rare appendages of

people of the most unequivocal consequence, one ornamented in the way of the stranger seemed to bespeak a rank so elevated that he was lost in conjecture, while he felt a sort of painful interest which seemed to chain him to the spot, until he should become acquainted with the motives that brought this person there at such an hour.

The stranger meanwhile appearing tired of his quiet posture, arose, and crossing the road to a little gate that led into the vineyard, seemed to peer over it with much anxiety, at least so it appeared to our hero, from his turning his head in different directions, as if to observe if any one within the inclosure approached. He then again returned and resumed his place of rest, the near proximity of which to Logan made it necessary that he should remain perfectly still, while the non-appearance of a third person whom he could not help feeling was expected to arrive, was, it is probable, equally tedious to them both.

They had remained thus upon the watch for the space of ten minutes, when the profound stillness of the night was broken in upon, by a scarcely perceptible sound of light and hurried steps within

the vineyard, and the little wicket flying open, a form came bounding through it, which immediately arrested the whole attention of Logan. It was that of a silvan grace, dressed in the costume of the upper order of French peasants, well calculated to shew off the beauties of a rustic coquette to advantage, being a petticoat, with a low and tight boddice, of which the sleeves were short and white, looped to the shoulders with knots of ribband, while the dark ringlets of the wearer's abundant tresses flowed in free and unconstrained luxuriance over her back, and fell round her face like the tendrils of her own vines, waving with every movement of her light figure, or every breath of the soft air that played over her uncovered head. There was buoyant elasticity in her step, and eager interest in her eye, as she flew rather than walked across the road, and stood right opposite to Logan, and close to the man, who still kept his seat, and who was the first to speak.

" How comes it Jacquenette"—he said, speaking in the purest French dialect and accent, but in a tone of impatience—" How comes it that you have made me wait so long, and why are you so

unfitly attired for a journey? Sit down beside me for an instant and recover your breath, for you seem to have fled in haste, and perhaps you had not time to dress yourself in proper garments; but I have provided for all contingencies, and a large cloak awaits you at a little distance, which will not only screen you from the night air, but also from prying eyes."

While this person spoke, he endeavoured to take the hand of the girl and draw her to his side, while he made a signal for her to seat herself on the same little hillock which he occupied. But, with an air of half playful coquetishness, she drew back, and, avoiding his touch, held toward him at arm's length a little basket, saying, at the same time—

"These are the grapes of which you are so fond, and that I have chosen with the greatest care from the best in the whole vineyard; eat them, and while you do so, I will tell you all that is in my heart; and if you love me as you say," she continued, in a voice whose sweetness carried persuasion with it, "you will rejoice that I have at length conquered my evil propensities."

The man took the basket thus offered, and the

girl having seated herself at the distance of about two yards from him, was about to speak, when he arose with an intention to approach her, that she no sooner perceived than she was immediately on her feet.

"Keep your distance, friend," she said, "or I shall begone instantly, and you will never have another opportunity of hearing what I was going to say. I beg you to go back and sit down quietly."

"Ah!" said he to himself in an under tone, only heard by Logan, as he resumed his former seat, "Ah! ever doomed, it would seem, to be despotically ruled by woman, no matter what her rank."

"Now," said Jacquenette, "You want to know why I came not sooner, and had I intended to take the journey you speak of, I might perhaps have answered that it was to try your patience, or in short that it was my pleasure to make you wait; but I have come here to-night only to speak plain truths, and therefore I say that my father detained me to read to him, and I could not come sooner."

"What said you, my beauty," replied the man,

" about not intending to journey with me? This is at all events surely intended to try my patience; but it will not do, and we must instantly begone to a short distance from hence, where there is a horse with attendants awaiting you, and where your light raiment, as I before said, will be covered with a good thick envelope."

" Not so fast," responded Jacquenette, " not so fast, my good friend, for it is because I cannot go with you that I came thus clad."

" Not go, faithless girl!" said her lover, " did you not promise, that if I came in person on this night, and at this hour, you would accompany me from hence?"

" Yes, I said so," replied Jacquenette, " and I thought so then; but it is just because I cannot be a faithless girl, that I shall not keep my promise."

" Talk not so idly," said her friend; " you know not the value of the time you are thus expending, for it is impossible that you can seriously mean to reject the offers I have made you, of occupying a situation which would cause you to be envied by some of the most beautiful women

in France, and that of the highest rank, to whom I should prefer the love of my lovely peasant, considering it as more than an equivalent for all the trouble it will have cost me, to place you in a sphere you little dream of."

"But what," she replied, "if I were your wife, and had no love to bestow on you?"

"*My wife,* Ventre Saint Gris!!!" said the man, speaking in a tone which to our hero evidently implied real astonishment, mingled with a comic sense of somewhat that struck him as highly ludicrous, in the idea suggested by those words of the simple girl, and which gave Logan a clear insight as to his real intentions. Jacquenette, however, proceeded, being prevented by her own singleness of heart from putting any evil construction on the words which his surprise had elicited.

"Now, attend well to my discourse," continued the girl, "and you will presently understand that I am quite in earnest. I have been taking my heart sadly to task, and I find that I cannot leave my old father, and another person that has been brought up with me from infancy, and who loves

me as well as you do, and who, to speak truth, I love better than I could ever love you."

"And is this other person a man?" enquired her interrogator, in a voice of dismay.

"Yes, truly," said the girl, "and of my own age, and a good and a handsome young man he is, and we have lived together, as I told you, from our childhood, and in sooth we love each other very much."

This was said with such convincing naiveté, that its effect must have been that of complete conviction on all who heard her.

"Foolish girl, why did you not tell me this at first?" said the man in a tone of reproachful vexation.

"Why, just because an evil spirit I suppose possessed me; but I have confessed myself, and done penance for it. I had fancied I should so much have liked to be the wife of such a rich man as you, and that the grand houses, and coaches, and jewels, that you promised me would make me happy, and then the money that I thought I should be able to send to Claude, to purchase ground for a vineyard, that he is so anxious about, was what I

think tempted me most of all; and so you see when my head began to be filled with all this folly, I thought it right to slight poor Claude, for I said to myself, What will he care for the money, and the vineyard, if he still loves me? but he took it to heart, and was so sick, that our good priest thought he would die, and then I told all to the kind father Paul, and he convinced me of my wickedness, and I thought I should lose my senses, and so I am quite out of conceit of riches and grandeur, and feel quite sure that I can never be a fine lady, and would not forsake Claude again for the whole world." "Yet," she continued, "I care a great deal for you too, because you love me so well; but you must try to love some grand lady that is fitter for your wife than I am. And so I just came to bid you adieu, for we must not meet again, and to tell you how glad it will make me to hear you are happy."

And here the tender Jacquenette burst into a passion of tears; and her lover, probably feeling his hope revived by this indication of regret on his account, and moreover roused by his sympathy in the tears of woman, arose, and was just lay-

ing his hand on the bent down head, and the clustering curls of his fair companion; while Logan looked on in suspense as to the event of this parley, almost anticipating the final misery of the lovely creature in whom he now felt the deepest interest. At this moment a noisy and impetuous burst through the same wicket which Jacquenette had passed, and a loud shout resembling that of the Indian war-whoop, met his startled ear, as two peasants, armed with the most destructive tools of the vine-dresser, one with a mattock, and the other with a large hedge-bill, furiously crossed the road, and rushed upon the lover of Jacquenette, crying aloud, "Ah *seducteur*, ah *coquin*, we have caught you!"

Before these words, however, had ceased, he to whom they were addressed had thrown from him his large and cumbrous cloak, discovering by this action his under garments, which consisted of a dark hunting dress, splendidly ornamented with gold; and sitting close to a form of most athletic and fine proportions. He next unsheathed with the quickness of lightning his jewelled hunting sword, and attacked his plebeian assailants with the good

will which ever accompanies such action in the naturally brave, whatever may be the disparity of rank in the combatants.

Some blows were at first aimed with but little effect on either side, but Logan apprehending that the comparatively slight weapon of the splendid stranger would soon be beaten down, sprung over the intervening hedge, and ranged himself on the weaker side, spite of the lurking prejudice he had imbibed against the morals of him he was preparing to assist. Meanwhile the two peasants were somewhat disappointed, by the way in which they were met by their adversary, whom they expected to bear down with the first strokes of their more ponderous weapons; and who, on the contrary, warded them off nobly, though to the eye of Logan it was evident that this warfare of him who now fought with what seemed supernatural skill and strength, must soon give way to disparity of number and weapons. Nor could this have failed to happen, had he not arrived in the very nick of time. For the two plebeian assailants, whose broad shoulders and muscular make gave indication of extraordinary strength, came on with an im-

petuosity which their brawny limbs would have made it difficult for a Hercules to withstand, had our hero not struck in, and, by means of singular agility, and the surprise of the moment, together with a sudden bend of his body below the descending bill-hook, and a spring upwards, wrenched it from the hands of its owner. Having secured this dangerous instrument of warfare, he launched it with an exertion of his whole strength over the hedge among the underwood of the forest; after which he contented himself with parrying the blows of the rustic whom he had disarmed, and watching at every casual interval the warfare of the person whose cause he had espoused. That person, being also presently master of the mattock of his enemy, had only to contend with his natural prowess, which was however of no common stamp; for the young peasant, feeling himself deprived of this instrument of revenge, seemed, by the force of his boiling blood and infuriated brain, to fight like a beast of prey, with such weapons as nature had bestowed upon him. Rushing on with clenched hands, and upraised foot; entirely reckless, in his

paroxysm of love and jealousy, of all consequences, he boldly assaulted the enemy, while his breast panted with fury, and his tongue uttered the direct threats of vengeance. Unfortunately, however, this infuriated conduct only served to provoke his fate; for the stranger, after repeated warnings, was at length obliged, for self preservation, to make a stroke at him with his sword, which being unluckily too well aimed, instantly levelled him with the ground. To add to the misfortune of the night, Jacquenette, who had all along flown from one lover to the other, beseeching them for her sake to desist, and who was, at the moment that Claude received the wound, hanging on his shoulder, no sooner saw him fall than she reeled for a pace or two, and sank on the ground beside him.

This unequivocal and affecting proof of attachment to her first lover, was beheld by his superior rival with strong emotion, and running to the little streamlet by the road side, he took off his hat, and returning with some water in its broad brim, he sprinkled her with it, while he raised her head, and called upon her name in accents of the tenderest pity.

Meanwhile, Logan exerting his strength, put an end to the contention in which he was engaged, by felling his adversary to the ground with one stroke of his powerful arm, and approaching the person in whose defence he had thus exerted himself, he was about to offer his services in recovering the girl from the death-like state in which she lay. But roused by the application of the cold water and the sound of their voices, she started from the arms of her lover, and casting a frantic look towards the extended body of him who was the chosen of her heart, she stood for a moment aloof, and spoke with a wild and hurried earnestness, inspired by despair.

" Begone," she said, " and do not make me require blood for blood ; be content, ye have murdered us both. Begone for ever, I charge ye, before, wretch that I am, I bring sufficient force to overpower ye."

Having said this, she darted through the gate like a shot star, and left Logan and the stranger gazing after her, while feeling the full force of her words, the former used every argument in his power to induce the person who had been the

principal actor in this strange scene, to make his instant escape by means of the wood; declaring his own determination not to abide the result of the girl's reaching the cottage. The stranger looked on him for a moment, while he spoke as if bewildered by the quick-coming incidents of the last few minutes. But seeming at last to comprehend the full force of the arguments used by him who had so effectually assisted him, he leaped the slight barrier that divided them from the wood, and called on his adviser to follow, which he did as soon as he had picked up the cloak and sword that the stranger had left on the ground, having thrown down his weapon when he ran to assist Jacquenette. Logan having joined him, he received his cloak and sword with a courteous acknowledgment, remarking, as he returned the *couteau de chasse* to its scabbard, "I would indeed ill have liked to have lost thee." They now hurried for some considerable distance into the wood. The companion of Logan striking into it with an apparent intimate knowledge of its paths, much deeper than our hero could have ventured without a guide.

They thus continued on without slackening their pace for nearly half an hour, when coming to a small moonlight glade, where some large trees appeared to have been recently felled, Logan's conductor, stopping suddenly short, turned, and addressed him.

" Young man," he said, " I wish to be informed of the name and quality of him who hath this night done me one of the most important services one man can render to another, and who by his tongue I apprehend to be English."

" I should rather, by your favour," replied Logan, somewhat haughtily, " suppose that the right of such question appertains to me, who have ventured myself thus rashly in peril for one who, if I understand the matter aright, is little entitled, according to my English conceptions, to an honest man's assistance. Nor, to speak plainly, would I have offered my aid in such a cause, had it not seemed to be rendered necessary by two assailants being opposed to you, whose heavier weapons must soon have borne you down."

" Ventre Saint Gris !! " said Logan's companion, in a tone of lofty independence, " you

speak plainly indeed, young sir; I however forgive you, in consideration of your bravery, which I love so well, and perchance also of somewhat of proper feeling which your speech betrays. Let me however caution you, that such over frank confessions might, with some men in my situation, act to your prejudice."

"Nay," returned our hero, "I do but speak as I think; I fear no man, and the only favour I wish to crave of you, is to be informed if we are now on the direct road to Paris, for I must reach that city to-night."

"Your chance for most speedily doing so, then, will be still to follow me," replied his companion, "and so come on;" and he immediately left the little open space, and proceeded onward with such long and hasty strides, that Logan, though a good walker, found it no easy matter to keep up with him.

They soon, however, attained an opposite side of the wood, where it still skirted a continuation of the same road they had left, having by the direction they had taken, cut off a long piece of the forest round which it wound. They had no

sooner arrived at this part of the road, than the stranger, first having examined that there was no one in pursuit, applied a small whistle to his lips, whose shrill sound was immediately answered by three horsemen, who emerged from the wood, two of whom approached with a noble steed, which one having led forward, the other stood ready to hold the stirrup. Logan also observed that three horses still remained, one of which carried the pillion that had been intended for the accommodation of poor Jacquenette, and which, as matters had turned out, though unoccupied by her, was still destined not to remain empty. The horses standing thus in readiness, Logan's new friend waved his hand, in token of a wish that he should accompany him a few paces out of hearing of his attendants, and then said—

"Bethink you again, young man, is there indeed no favour you could wish to ask from one who has powerful friends at court, and who would, moreover, make you welcome to as much gold for this night's service as you could in conscience desire."

Logan stood for an instant quite undetermined as to the answer he should return to these questions. That the person before him was a man of wealth and consequence appeared pretty evident, and that he might have it in his power to promote the views which had brought him to France seemed highly probable: he therefore said, at length—

"I thank you, sir, for your generous offers; but though I confess myself not rich, I cannot accept payment in money for the service which accident has put it in my power to render you. I may however say, that the first wish of my heart is to serve in the army of your brave monarch, to forward which view I have brought with me a letter of no small consequence. Should I, however, fail through its means of gaining my object, I shall then apply to you, that is, if you think proper to favour me with your address. If, however, this is not convenient, you are perfectly free to withhold it, and entirely welcome to the assistance I have afforded you."

While Logan spoke thus, he looked earnestly on the person he was addressing, who, having not yet resumed his cloak, exhibited in his close and mag-

nificent hunting suit the most dignified and commanding figure that he thought he had ever seen; and as an occasional movement brought now and then the moonbeams to play on his face, he remarked that his features were of a most majestic and noble cast. This, coupled with his pure accent, and his full melodious voice, made a most overpowering impression on Logan, the nature of which he would have felt it hard to analyse. In short, his admiration of this man, in whose presence he seemed to feel a degree of awe which he could not account for, and his detestation of his principles, gave rise to contending sensations, somewhat similar to those created by the contemplation of Milton's devil; and he could not help viewing him as a noble spirit, fallen from a higher sphere into the bottomless pit of sensual indulgence. Yet so great was our hero's passion for courage and generosity, both of which had been so unequivocally evinced by the stranger, that he could not prevent himself from rendering the homage of respect, mingled, as we have said, with an indescribable sense of awe to the man whom he considered as being neither in mind nor body cast in a common mould. And

being unable to account for the stranger's dereliction of principle in any other way, he settled it according to his own conceptions of the Romish religion, and entirely attributed it to his faith in his next act of penance, which would wipe from his conscience all stain of his premeditated guilt.

Logan had barely time for these rapid reflections, while he who had caused them was employed in tearing a leaf from a note-book, on which he wrote little more than a line, which, having folded and addressed, he presented to Logan, to be delivered on the next day at one o'clock. He then gave him an impressive charge not to neglect this injunction, —bade him a cordial and courteous adieu,—and, mounting the spirited animal awaiting him, was nearly borne out of sight, accompanied by a single attendant, before Logan was almost aware that he had left his side. The person that held the stirrup of the departed stranger now waved to him who remained still at a little distance with the other two horses to come up, who advanced to Logan, and offered him one of them, which he assured him he had been ordered to do by his master, and not only so, but to press the necessity of his accepting it.

" Though the acceptance must be left to yourself," said the young man, " being probably better aware of the consequences of a rejection than I am."

Logan was about to say that he preferred finishing his journey on foot, when the noise of voices, and the crashing of branches, in the wood, at no great distance behind him, at once determined him on seizing a more speedy, and therefore a safer, mode of conveyance, and he vaulted into the saddle of the horse offered to him. Meanwhile, he who had offered it placed himself on the pillion behind his comrade, with such comic gestures as would have done honour to a charlatan; imitating with considerable success the voice, and affected terrors, of a female, who feared to climb to so dangerous a situation; his sparkling black eyes scintillating all the time with excessive mirth. Having, however, at length settled himself on the seat, they all set off at a good round pace, while the air resounded with the clatter of their horses feet, and the din occasioned by the shouts of laughter raised by Logan's two companions, which continued

without intermission, until they had reached the suburbs of Paris, when Logan dismounting, made his apologies to the young man who had occupied the pillion, for having caused him so incommodious a seat. These excuses were received with the easy manners of a gentleman, while they seemed again to conjure up the spirit of risibility in such a degree as materially to affect his articulation, as he replied—

"Nay, Monsieur, our master would have it so, and you may judge of the pleasure it hath given me to obey him, by the amusement it hath caused me, while I figured, en croupe, on yonder steed, which in sooth I feel sorry to quit for your more convenient saddle, and would therefore pray you to continue its occupier, until you have reached the place of your destination: For, being as you perceive, screened from observation by this envelope, I shall be no way subject to the mirth of the bourgeois. Let us therefore," he continued, "still attend you."

To this courteous proposal, Logan would, however, by no means listen, and having bid his

companions a second farewell, he hastened on foot to the auberge to which he had been directed by his French attendant, whom he had sent forward with his portmanteau.

CHAPTER XVI.

Your zeal becomes importunate;
I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
And talk at large; but learn to keep it in,
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give it.

ADDISON.

On arriving at the inn, one of Logan's first acts, as it may be supposed, was to inspect the piece of paper he had received from the stranger, which he minutely examined several times, before he could convince himself that the direction was, "For the Duke of Sully, at the Arsenal." Struck with this singular coincidence, he ventured to look at the inside of the billet, which was open to inspection, and perceived that it only contained a few words, written in cipher, of which he could

not understand one single character. Being, therefore, nothing the wiser for its contents, he felt much less anxious to deliver it to the Duke than the letter of Prince Henry, which, he assured himself, would be attended to; yet that before mentioned principle of curiosity, more or less inherent in all mankind, increased his desire of seeing the Duke, in order that he might learn who the mysterious person was, in whose adventure he had been involved, and who was so well known to Sully, as to have established with him this secret mode of correspondence. On this night, however, neither the thoughts of all that was strange that had occurred to him within the last few hours, nor even the meditations he was wont to indulge on the perfections of Rosa, prevented him from one moment's repose, for he had hardly pressed his couch, when the fatigues of the day closed his eyes in so profound a slumber, that he did not awake next morning till many hours after the sun had illumined the world with his gayest beams.

Logan's first care, when he at length arose, was to dress himself in a suit, which he had brought in his portmanteau, as one proper for his intended

visit, that was not only made in the first style of English fashion, but also calculated to set off his handsome and graceful person to the best advantage; nor, when he had finished his toilette, was it possible for him to forbear casting a gratified look on his own appearance, although as little of a coxcomb as can well be imagined.

Having thus prepared for his visit, he shortly after sallied out, bearing about him the two valuable letters (if the one in cipher may be so called), on which seemed to depend his future fate. From the latter precious little morsel he had however acquired the gratifying knowledge, that the Duke of Sully was then at his usual residence in the Arsenal, where his family generally lived with him; while, by the verbal injunction he had received from the stranger, to deliver it at one o'clock, he was also assured of his being at home at that hour. He therefore arrived at the Arsenal a few minutes before the hour, and, enquiring of a sentinel, was directed by him to that quarter of the building in which the Duke's apartments lay, where, after a short time spent in perambulating the pavement in front of the door, in consequence of being re-

quired to send in his name and business, he was admitted, after having desired the messenger to say that he was the bearer of a letter from a personage of the first consequence in England.

When our hero entered the business room of this financial minister, of whom it may be said, with truth, that no man in such office ever possessed more estimable qualities, he found him engaged in arranging a multitude of papers which lay on a table before him, and that appeared so piled up, and mixed in so inextricable a mass, that their separation would have been hopeless to a less persevering or less energetic mind. Being thus busied, he only raised his head as Logan entered, and giving him a bow, by which he acknowledged his presence, went on with his employment for the space of a minute, while our hero made use of this time to examine the man so celebrated as the acknowledged friend and first counsellor of the first monarch in the world.

It was no easy matter to determine the Duke's age, for, judging from his grey hairs and the settled gravity of his features, he might have weathered half a century; at least so Logan thought,

while contemplating him as thus employed. But, when he had disposed of the papers which he held in his hands, and lifted up his eyes to fix their penetrating gaze on Logan's countenance, and asked, with a courteous smile, to see the letter from England, of which he was the bearer, his features seemed so entirely changed, that Logan instantly deducted at least ten years from his age. The Duke seemed to peruse the letter of the Prince with deep attention, and even with a degree of reverence, engendered by the great esteem and admiration which he had, in common with his Royal Master, imbibed for the young Prince of England. Looking on Henry as not only the hope of his native country, to whom he was yet to prove himself the worthy successor of Elizabeth, but also as the firm ally of France,—to assist the great purpose of her monarch, in establishing the equilibrium of the powers of Europe: A design which, it appears, was too mighty for the conceptions or energies of James, but which has been of late so nearly realised by the Holy Alliance, when the power of France became as much the subject of jealousy and fear in our own day.

as that of Austria was at the time of which we are writing.

After the Duke had finished reading the letter, he looked again on Logan, with all the pitying benevolence of aspect caused by the emotions which had arisen in his mind from the perusal of the Prince's recommendation, and the knowledge of his misfortunes,—the story of which he had been acquainted with before; for the Gowrie conspiracy had been too much a theme of doubt and derision in all countries, for King James not to have the confirmation of its truth, which he supposed would be made clear by the implication of Logan's father, spread as widely as possible.

It was, therefore, principally owing to his knowledge of these circumstances, that Sully now regarded our hero in the manner we have stated; and that his look of benevolent commiseration, which found its immediate way to the heart of Logan, was almost instantly changed for one of evident perplexity, while he said—

"Believe me, young gentleman, I most sincerely sympathize with you in your misfortunes; but, while I am most anxious to pay every at-

tention to the recommendation of your admirable Prince, and feel an ardent desire to be of service to you, I dare not forget what is due to my own Sovereign and the King of England, by giving open countenance to a proscribed subject of so good an ally. Be assured, however, that all within my power, which does not trench upon this consideration, shall be done; and that what is not done according to your desire, and that of his Highness of England, shall be accounted for in a way satisfactory to him whose wisdom is so far above his years; and I trust," he said, with a glance toward Logan's countenance, "that I may almost say, I *know* you will also approve what duty dictates."

To this appeal to his honourable feeling, our hero answered in the affirmative, without hesitation, though the while every hope for himself seemed crushed and annihilated: For though he imagined that the Duke might offer him those pecuniary aids, of which it might justly be supposed he, in such circumstances, stood in need, yet they were all incompetent to fulfil the wishes of a heart that beat alone for fame, and for that eclat that

arises from its own intrinsic merit, and which must scorn the offers of gain, without somewhat that should deserve them in the eyes of his fellow men. The entrance into the service of the French King, whom he considered as the first of monarchs, and even, we may say, as the first of men, being thus denied to his wishes, his feelings of disappointment almost overpowered him, while he said—

"I am indeed conscious, for the first time, of what your Grace has now pointed out; and far be it from me to wish, on my account, any dereliction in duty in one whose character I have always been led to venerate. But, as a forlorn hope, though I confess a very forlorn one, after having already failed in such an application, allow me to present this bit of paper, received last night from an entire stranger, the import of which I am only led to judge of, by the expressions of him who wrote it, on having received from me an accidental assistance, which he was pleased to acknowledge in terms suiting with his own generous ideas of the obligation, more than with my deserts."

Having said this, Logan presented the bit of

paper, which expressed in cipher the meaning of his mysterious friend, while he watched, with eager curiosity, the effect it was to produce on the speaking countenance of Sully. The Duke no sooner cast his eye on the superscription, than he seemed sensibly affected by the emotion of strong surprise; and, as he read the shortly expressed contents, Logan could trace in his features the decided marks of unequivocal pleasure, which not only sparkled in his eye, but spread itself about the region of his lips, till lifting his eyes from the document, on which our hero had only placed his secondary, and his faintest, trust, he said—

"You have, indeed, my fair sir, gained a friend who, in these few words, strange as it may seem, has effected more with regard to your wishes of entering the French service, than all the Potentates of Europe could have done. By it, you are desired to await here the arrival of this noble friend, whom we may now momentarily expect."

When we say that Logan felt astonishment and joy at such an unlooked for declaration of the power and influence of his new friend, we fall far short

of describing his sensations; having supposed the influence of this person to be insignificant, in comparison of the wishes of the Prince, which he had borne to the Duke. Of the indications of such feelings Sully, however, took no notice, while he proceeded to question him respecting many English matters, and, among others, of the history and fate of those noble families with whom he had become acquainted in his visits to England, while employed in his diplomatic missions.

Not more than a quarter of an hour had, however, elapsed in such desultory conversation, when a tap at the door announced another visitor, and, on its opening, there stood before them the very person on whom now all the hopes of our hero rested, and who, being saluted by the Duke with a most reverential and profound obeisance, returned it with a smile of condescension. While the stranger was thus saluted, Logan stood as immoveably fixed to the spot, awaiting an explanation of all the extraordinary events he had so lately witnessed, while he bent a fixed and steady gaze on the man whose exterior bore such a stamp of nobleness and supreme rank, that it filled him

again with that inexplicable sort of awe which he had experienced on the preceding night,—an awe which he felt it impossible to shake off, maugre his apprehension that it savoured of that dastardly and cowering sensation, which is too apt to assail the most noble spirits with its paralyzing effects, when, under the baneful dominion of poverty, and unmerited disgrace, it is their lot to encounter those on whom fortune has shed her bounties, and whom, as by an evil instinct of our nature, they ever behold as the enemies and scorners of their less fortunate state. Yet he questioned with himself "*who* could this distinguished personage be, to whom the Duke of Sully, so blameless in his own moral character, rendered such decided homage?" And he thus at once determined that he must be one of the Princes of the Blood, for to none other did he think what had been spoken of him by Sully, and even his own bearing, could apply; while he would have, without hesitation, named him, in his own mind, as the Prince de Condé, the first in such relation, had he not known that this Prince was then in Flanders, from the details of his escape from

France being blazed abroad; and the story of its cause, in the passion of Henry the Fourth for the wife of the Prince, having met his ear, which gave little probability of such speedy return. These thoughts had, however, but barely sufficient time to pass through the mind of Logan, when the stranger said to the Duke—

"This is the young man, I believe, whom I desired you to detain until my arrival, is he not?"

"He is, and the young gentleman is also the bearer to me of a letter from the Prince of England, which may it please you to peruse," he said, taking it from the table and presenting it to him. The stranger having read the letter, turned him toward Logan, and looking on him with a smile, supereminently splendid and fascinating, said, "I am happy to find that he who last night proved himself a man of such courage, and to whom I probably owe, if not my life, yet certainly the exemption from some marks of plebeian prowess, which are as well dispensed with, is one approved of him who, if I mistake him not widely, will one day justify the opinion entertained of him by every free and noble spirit. But let me speak," he con-

tinued, "of what is more to the present purpose: Do you still wish to serve under the King of France?"

"My wish on this subject cannot alter," said Logan. "An outcast from my native country, I burn to prove to the world that the poor services which I am debarred from offering to my own sovereign, are enthusiastically devoted to that magnanimous monarch who must ever be 'the King of the Brave;' and whom to serve would to me be happiness of itself."

"And yet," said the stranger, while a shade of thought seemed to pass across his free and open brow—"and yet this magnanimous monarch favours much him who received from you last night such deep reproofs; nor am I sure that he is himself entirely free from such faults as called them forth. What say you to this, young sir? Doth it not damp the ardour of your admiration for this mighty king, whom you have only as yet contemplated at a distance—and that on nearer inspection you may be inclined to approve of as little as you did of me, when I so far forgot myself, in a moment of passion, as to stain my hands with the blood of

a poor peasant who at least fell the victim of a legitimate cause? Ah!" he continued, as if speaking to himself, "would that I could recall the time, or atone for the action."

While the stranger gave utterance to this penetential confession, an expression of gloom took possession of those features which, now seen by Logan in the light of day, appeared even more commanding and handsome than he had conceived them on the previous night. Thus attracted toward him, as if by fascination, he could not help fixing his eyes on him during the time he was speaking, with so earnest a scrutiny, that, had he been a limner, employed to take his likeness, this one examination of his features might have sufficed to fix them on the canvas; although no painter could ever have hoped to do justice to the fire of his clear and penetrating eyes, so tempered with gentle benignity, or to the *suave* expression of his mouth, which, being singularly beautiful and perfect in its formation, looked as if only made to utter gracious sounds. Nor could Logan withhold his admiration of the sentiments he was now

uttering, while, in accusation of his own conduct, he still went on.

"But, alas!" he said, "this regret which I feel so keenly is now unavailing, and all that remains for me to do is to bestow a marriage portion on the poor maiden, which may make her happy with some other man, if she can forget her unfortunate lover. At all events," he said, "such recompence must be made, and a message delivered to her from me; and you, young man," he said, "must undertake this office, as you alone are, or must be, acquainted with the secret."

It certainly will not be thought extraordinary by our readers, when we say, that, considering the state of matters when Logan left the precincts of the vineyard on the preceding night, and the nature of the mission on which he was required to go, that he not only felt some reluctance to expose himself to the danger of being seized as one concerned in the late bloody fray, but also a touch of indignation at being required to become the messenger in a transaction of such a nature, and that, not caring to express all he felt, or not being able

to clothe his sentiments at the moment in fitting words, he should remain silent and embarrassed at the close of this address. His doing so, however, seemed much to displease the speaker, as Logan immediately judged, from the mild and somewhat melancholy expression of his countenance instantly changing to that of haughty indignation, while flashes of light darted from his eyes, and his lips became compressed into a firm and stern outline.

"Ventre Saint Gris!" he said, while, after a short pause, he gazed stedfastly on Logan. "What! you relish not the commission? Can it be that he who last night acquitted himself so bravely in defence of one of whom he knew nothing, now fears for himself, when required to go on a pacific errand to a peasant by him whose power is confessedly such as is sufficient to bestow on you what your own Prince hath asked in vain? What means this folly? But perhaps," he said, "I have misinterpreted your silence. Speak plainly, and fear not."

"Nay," said Logan, who, thus urged, was now obliged to express his sentiments, "it is no idle

boast, when I say that I *fear* no man: and be assured," he continued, while he endeavoured to keep down the rising warmth, with which he had every inclination to reply, and which, in spite of him, mantled in his cheeks, sparkled in his dark eyes, and was sufficiently infused into his words, "If I did not directly promise to do what you required, it was not so much from anticipation of hazard to my own safety (though methinks it might be allowed to weigh somewhat in this particular case), as from shame at appearing as a participator in an affair which, both in its commencement and its unfortunate termination, has left the actors in it so little to boast."

Logan had no sooner uttered these rash words than he began to apprehend that he had gone too far, and looked on the illustrious stranger in expectation of a burst of passion. What, then, were his feelings of surprise, and of regret for these expressions, when he beheld that noble and ingenuous countenance, so used to express every emotion of the mind, change at once from its haughtiness and displeasure to a profound expression of sorrow and confusion, which so much affected our

hero, and so completely disarmed him of all hostile feelings, that, without almost a moment's pause, he went on to make all the reparation in his power, by saying—

"I will, however, do your behest in this matter, for, on second thoughts, as I surely cannot hold myself guiltless, seeing that a blow from the hand hath frequently been as fatal as that from a sword, I too owe some compensation for mine own act."

As our hero thus adverted to the condition of the peasant whom he had stretched on the ground, he partook so much of the feelings which he had just recognised in the stranger, that the latter, who was observing him narrowly, seemed from that moment intimately to understand his thoughts; and, casting on him a searching glance, in which was depicted much of what might almost be termed affectionate admiration, he exclaimed—

"Thy nurture, young man, hath indeed been noble. You are a Scot," he continued, "and my heart hath ever been with thy people. They are brave, high minded, and trust-worthy, and the old

allies of our nation; and I could almost swear that thou wast brought up amid Scotland's highest, and what are called her most barren hills; but, ah! not barren, for they have ever produced expanded and warlike spirits."

"No," said Logan, firing with this praise of his native country, "my birth-place was not on her highest hills, but amidst upland grounds, which are bounded by the sea, that lordly element, whose grand and sublime features are even now ever present to my recollections."

"Ah!" returned the stranger, "mountains and seas are indeed the noble nurses of exalted ideas. I myself was reared amid a scene that taught me hardihood, where I gained a healthy constitution; and, while there practising the handling of mine arms, I became acquainted with the guileless mountaineers, and learned to participate in their unobtrusive joys and sorrows, and to know that all the sons of mortality share in one common nature. Ah! ventre Saint Gris, there is nothing like such education for forming the youthful mind. Of such are our most valued soldiers, and you will do credit to your place in our army,

which shall be appointed you in the King's Body Guards."

"All the thanks, most noble sir," said Logan, in an extasy of gratitude, "which I by words could convey, would be so inadequate to express what I feel, that I can only say, this promise has imparted more brightness to my prospects than ought else could have done. To be allowed to fight under the banner of a king who realises all our ideas of the most exalted courage and glory in the heroes of romance, is indeed the very summit of my ambition."

"Nay, nay," said the stranger, "this king, of whom you have dreamed such glorious things, is, remember, but a man; and recollect I, who know him well, have given you warning of at least one of his failings"

"And, had he no failings, he could not be a man," returned Logan; "I have indeed heard that an ardent love of beauty is his dominant passion; but who shall dare to note that against the monarch who, kneeling down, ingenuously confessed a fault of this nature before his army, and asked pardon of God for it in their presence?"

" Young man," said the stranger, for as such we are under the necessity of naming him, until he shall be more fully known to the reader, " I am much pleased with your whole deportment and sentiments, and I depend on you to execute my mission to those peasants whom I have injured, while I leave it to my friend the Duke de Sully to deliver to you the sum which I shall name to him as what may, in some measure, atone for my delinquency. I also give him permission," he said, to reveal to you the rank of him to whom your just ideas of rectitude must still annex a stigma. But remember," he added, with a seeming touch of solemnity in his manner, " that there are those whose hearts and actions being placed above the scrutiny of their fellow men, the Almighty can alone judge ;" and here he crossed himself with fervour, and with uplifted hands.

Alas !" thought Logan, " I was then right, when I conjectured the easy palliation of error in his religion to be the foundation of his deviation from rectitude." Yet was he still filled with an unaccountable and profound admiration for this august personage, and with a devotedness of feeling which

he had never before experienced. He who was the subject of this strong sensation, now approached the Duke of Sully, and saying a few words to him in an under tone, left the apartment, bestowing a condescending inclination of the head, and a benignant smile on our hero, as he passed to the door. This barrier had hardly closed on him, when the Duke, who, though ostensibly engaged during the late dialogue in arranging his papers, had bestowed many an intelligent and curious glance on the speakers, casting a look toward it, exclaimed—

"Alas, my Royal Master, but for this one infatuation, thou wert indeed the most perfect of men and of kings!"

"What sayeth your Grace!" said Logan, with a feeling and manner in which awe and surprise equally partook. "Is he, then, who has just parted from us, the monarch of France, and the hero of Christendom? I had indeed supposed him one of the princes of the blood-royal, but this is beyond my highest expectation."

"Yet, it is even so," said Sully, "and you have had the good fortune to gain the favour of

the most noble of princes, and the most generous of men, who never yet exulted over a fallen enemy, even though placed in a rank worthy of contending with him; and who is, as you have seen now, severely suffering from the reflection of having killed one of his poor children; for in such light does he regard even the meanest Frenchman. Ah! his benignant and pitying spirit is now experiencing I know not what of misery, for this fault, for never did he give undeserved offence to any man, without asking pardon for it. It is now to you, young gentleman, that he commits the management of an affair in which his conscience and his most acute feelings are concerned, and to whom he trusts for secrecy as to this unfortunate matter."

"And here," said Sully, unlocking an escrutoire, and counting out a sum of money, "is gold sufficient to endow half a dozen maidens of her degree. But remember, not one word of the real rank of the royal giver; she will imagine him to be rich and generous, which is sufficient to account for the value of the gift; and you are directed to express the regret of the giver for the distress he

has caused her, and to wish her all happiness; and, above all, to deliver the gold, and the message, to herself. My Royal Master, and myself," he continued, "alike depend on your prudence and circumspection in this matter. Adieu, sir, you will have the goodness to return on the evening of the morrow, and report your success."

Logan being thus dismissed, retired from the Arsenal, pondering as he returned toward his inn on the singular accident which had been the means of bringing him in contact with the French monarch; an event which he had so much wished, but which had been so long postponed, from his having put off his introduction to the court of France, during his residence abroad, till he should visit it on his way home.

But while his heart glowed with all the enthusiastic admiration of Henry, which was natural to his time of life, and his ardent temperament, he could not help entertaining a deep and sorrowful sense of the imperfections of human nature, when, even thus clothed in its most dazzling form, as he inwardly lamented the necessity of the visit he was about on that evening to pay to Jacquenette,

which had sprung from the reprehensible conduct of this otherwise god-like man. Nor could he, though the messenger of so great a king, help shrinking from being the subordinate agent of him whom he considered in this instance to have fallen, like Lucifer, from his native heaven. Logan's honourable spirit could not brook the idea of palliating what his upright feelings told him were crimes of a deep dye, and therefore it was that he had, as we have said, felt such strong reluctance to the office now imposed upon him, and from which there was no escape.

These thoughts, however, gave way, in some measure, to other considerations, and he began to think, that, could he succeed in imparting one ray of comfort to the wretched girl, and be so happy as to bring back but a single emanation from that ray to gild the lacerated conscience of the royal culprit, his own share of risk and uncomfortable feelings would, after all, be amply repaid; and then, again, the hopes of other years began to expand within his bosom. For what honours might not the life-guardsman of Henry IV. expect to pluck from the helm of fortune, and how soon

might he thus wipe away the unmerited disgrace now affixed to his name, and even, perhaps, acquire such measure of riches as would make the compromise less between his independent spirit, and his inclination in offering himself to Rosa, the thoughts of whom were now ever present to his mind?

Thus indulging in all the romantic vagaries of that love which ever represents the attainment of the adored object as an antidote to all human ills, he congratulated himself on the extraordinary good fortune which had seemed to attend him from the first of his arrival in London,—dwelling, with peculiar delight, on this crowning act of the fickle goddess, in having placed him exactly in the situation near to the person of the hero of his imagination, which, in his most sanguine moments, he must have despaired to occupy. Yet, even in his present good fortune, there was something to lament, although his now buoyant spirit endeavoured to suppress every feeling of discontent, as most unreasonable, and ungrateful, to that Providence which had bestowed on him so much more than he could have expected, or than his feelings of hu-

mility told he deserved. This subject of regret was found in the small chance he apprehended of his soon having it in his power to signalize himself in battle, by the side of that king who, having been a warrior from his youth, seemed only now to be allowed time to strip himself of his armour, and hang up his weapons in peace. Logan endeavoured, however, as we have said, to conjure down these thoughts, and to reflect, that, even with his present advantages, and the hope given him by the Queen of England, of being restored to his civil rights, he ought to be happy: For, in truth, this prospect of renovated fame in his own land, was what his heart seemed most to yearn after, and mixing itself with every prospect of future happiness, he naturally turned, with all the devotion of romance, to the love of his native country. Nor, it may be supposed, was his attachment to Scotland weakened, by the consideration, that, in all probability, Rosa Grey would soon now be an inhabitant of that land of their mutual forefathers.

We shall, however, now leave Logan to indulge in those delightful anticipations of future fame and happiness; while taking, on the evening of this

day, his way toward the dwelling of Jacquenette, which he pursued on horseback, accompanied by a servant, in whose charge he left his horses, precisely on the spot where the king had met his on the night before; and, treading his way through the wood, soon arrived in sight of the wicket of the vineyard, through which he was to pass on his mission.

CHAPTER XX.

I never sued to friend nor enemy;
My tongue could never learn sweet-soothing words.
But now thy beauty is proposed my fee,
My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE now return to our two captive damsels, who, having landed in France, were hurried across the country for several hours on the same horses, and guided by the same men, who had accompanied them to the vessel, till they were at length lodged in an old house standing in a lonely dell surrounded by woods and gardens. In this forlorn, uncertain, and strange situation, Rosa was still thankful that poor Annie had not only been saved from danger, but that she was allowed to retain her as her companion.

She now daily awaited some new light, which she expected to be thrown on the motives of him, whoever he was, that had, as she believed, snatched her from the danger of the falling turret, only to expose her to new trials.

During this time of suspense, she saw no one belonging to the house, except a deaf old woman, whom she in vain endeavoured to make comprehend any thing save by signs, and whose *patois*, when she spoke, was nearly unintelligible. The suite of apartments allowed for the accommodation of Rosa and her maid, consisted of three rooms in the second storey. From the windows of two of these was presented a prospect of the richly wooded valley, where the trees rose so thickly on each side of it, as to appear one continued mass of foliage, excepting where a broad avenue was seen to wind through its depths, by which the house was approached, and which extended as far as could be discerned in that direction.

The windows of the third room, situated in an angle of the building, looked out on a busier scene; for here the extensive pleasure grounds and gardens which had formerly adorned the chateau, in its days of splendour, were converted into vine-

yards, where the rustic labourer plied his task from the rising of the sun until its setting.

These people, forming the only moving and living features of the scene, were watched with a degree of interest by Rosa and her maid, which they could not have felt for them in any other circumstances. For however much the charms of complete solitude may be relished by philosophers and poets, it seldom happens that its blessings are realized even to those who seek it voluntarily; and, in the case of Rosa, whose present abode was a prison, it may well be supposed the appearance of human beings in its vicinity was no small relief.

Our heroine's trust in Providence, and natural disposition, enabled her to appreciate every good which befel her, and not to cast it from her because it came mixed with evil. Thus, while looking from the windows, on the richness of the woods, or on the labours of the vineyard, she frequently lost in the beauty, or the interest of the scene, all recollection of the strangeness of her own situation, as well as the doubts and perplexities it involved.

Some days had passed on thus, when Rosa was informed by the old woman, that Lord Algerton

had arrived, and desired permission to see her. Though terrified by this intimation of the near approach of so deadly an enemy, indignation at the baseness of his conduct seemed to rise paramount to every other feeling, and she at first determined to upbraid him in the most cutting terms, for the villanous part he had acted; but cherishing, at the same time, a faint hope, that he might now, in some measure, have repented of his murderous intentions toward her, she thought it best not to express any unwillingness to see him, and therefore made his messenger comprehend that she might admit him. She also determined, at the same time, to offer him half her fortune, to allow her to go to Scotland, and to promise that she would never denounce him to the world, as the person who had, by his conduct to her, become obnoxious to the laws of his country. This offer, on her part, she intended, however, only to make, in the event of finding such a bribe necessary, and his consenting to be separated for life from her cousin, to whom she was to be allowed to divulge the secret.

While Rosa was thus meditating on the mode of conduct she was to pursue during this interview,

Annie Sprott, who was in the room with her mistress when the old woman delivered the message, gazed upon her aghast, and was almost dead with fear, at the thoughts of seeing the person who, having plotted their death, she did not once doubt had come to murder both her mistress and herself with his own hand. In this belief, she flew to the apartment whose windows overlooked the garden, to see if any one was within call; but the sun was setting, and the labourers had left their work.

Never did prospect appear more sad to mortal eye, than did the dark surrounding woods to Annie, rendered doubly gloomy by the departing rays of the sun, which now only struck on the tops of the uppermost trees, while those growing lower in the valley were beginning to blend into one undistinguishable and dense mass. All hope seemed fled, as the poor girl again returned in terror to where Rosa was awaiting the visit of him she believed to be her mortal foe. But she had brief time to express her fears, when the door of the apartment opened, and not the tall figure they expected to see, but that of the dwarf, advanced toward them, and Annie uttered a cry of joy: For it must be remembered, that whatever suspicions

had been instilled into her by Roger, still Humphrey Algerton had ever appeared as her friend, and the grateful nature of the poor girl forbade her to forget his charitable conduct toward her, in having provided her father a grave, and herself an asylum when about to perish in the streets. Nay, it was to him she owed the happiness of having been allowed to wait on Rosa; and now anticipating his assistance, in extricating them from their prison, she began an instant explanation of their situation. He did not, however, allow her to proceed far, before he hushed her into silence, which he commanded in his own peculiar voice, with such a stern gesture as, combined with the sight of his strange figure and hideous countenance, made Rosa tremble, and almost wish it had been the person whom she was in expectation of seeing, rather than so unnatural and fearful a being. Yet she found voice, though it must be confessed with some difficulty, to say—

"I was informed that it was Lord Algerton I was to see; be so good as to tell me, therefore, why you are here instead of him whom I expected?"

"And you were rightly informed, lady," said the dwarf, "I am he."

"*You!*" said Rosa, while she eyed him in astonishment from head to heel, and became apprehensive that his words were the dictates of insanity—"Nay, pardon me, I know the person of Lord Algerton too well to mistake it."

"Nevertheless," said Humphrey, "it is truth that I speak; our persons are indeed cast in different moulds; but what signifieth the outside of the casket, or what the servile and vulgar opinion, that would prefer that gaudy counterfeit to the plain honest man who stands before you. Know, then, that I am the elder brother of him whom the world considers as Lord Algerton. But, before I repeat my disastrous story, let me, sweetest lady, most humbly crave your pardon, for having, while intent upon saving your life, dared to take advantage of your fearful situation, in endeavouring to extract from you a promise that your destiny should be joined with mine. Behold me," he said, "such as I am, and you will not wonder that I despaired of otherwise gaining your consent to espouse a wretch who hath long loved you with a violence of passion unknown to those whose more

happy fortunes have supplied them with parents, kindred, and friends. But better thoughts have come, and I shame now to reflect upon my worse than folly, for which I entreat your forgiveness."

"This all seems so very extraordinary," said Rosa, "when coming from a person whom, I am sure, I never before beheld, that I know not what answer to return."

"You have once before beheld me, lady, when, in the presence of the Queen of England, and her court, I overthrew and disarmed the spurious Lord Algerton. But I was not, on that night, blessed by beholding those features I now look upon, for they were then covered by a mask They needed not, however, to be again seen to be remembered, for they were already stamped where they can never be erased; nor need you wonder at this, lady, since you too often figured in her Majesty's pageants, for beauty such as yours to be unmarked by the people's gaze. This is, however, I fear me, little to the purpose, and it only remains for me to tell, that I was cheated of my birthright by my parents, because I could not teach my tongue to utter falsehoods, and because

a fall from my nurse's arms had rendered my outward figure what it is. To this misfortune was further added, the penalty of banishment by him who usurped my place, on my father's death, and who took advantage of my necessities, by causing me to allow of his assumption of a title, then valueless in the eyes of one so utterly desolate as myself; while, according to the compact on his part so iniquitous, I sought an asylum in this land, and long inhabited these very apartments, to which I have caused you to be conveyed to avoid his fell designs. I have at length, however, redeemed the property of my forefathers, that was squandered to its last acre by my cruel brother; and now, no longer dependent on him, am about to resume the title of which he so nefariously deprived me, while, without your participation, such accession of dignity is still of small consequence to me, who have thus been, from almost my birth, debarred all share in human feelings."

"Alas!" said Rosa, melted even to tears by this sad picture of desolation—

"Alas! your story is indeed a sad one, and all who hear it must assuredly wish that you may henceforward enjoy that happiness of which your

wicked brother, and your adverse destiny, hath so long deprived you. Be assured that these are my sentiments, which are strengthened by the gratitude I owe you for my preservation from such imminent peril, while I trust your own good sense will speedily enable you to forget what you say has been the impression made on you by my mere outward appearance."

"Ah, lady, you speak of impossibilities," said the dwarf, approaching almost close to her as she spoke, and gazing so fixedly and earnestly upon her, that a red gleam of the expiring sun at that moment being reflected from one of the windows, and falling full on his long and ashy visage, and increasing the fiery hue of his hair and beard, she very nearly betrayed her instinctive horror of his inhuman appearance by a scream. This indication of alarm she, however, succeeded in suppressing, while she shrunk inwards with a feeling of abhorrence, that her pale features sufficiently betrayed to the attentive Annie, but which was totally overlooked by the subject of her fear, who now laboured under a feeling entirely new to him. Having in this interview imbibed the very sentiments of love he came to counterfeit, and viewing

the expression of her countenance as the effect of pity for himself, he continued—

" You speak of impossibilities, for the sincerity of commiseration and good-will which you have avouched by your tears, and which even now pales your cheek, forbids me entirely to despair of some future change in your sentiments, when I shall have assisted you to achieve such retaliation upon our fallen enemy, as shall satisfy us both. Meanwhile, lady, you must be content to abide here for a short space, until our mutual foe believing himself in full possession of all which your supposed death hath given him assurance of, we shall return to cast him down from his high imaginings, and to enjoy that ample revenge which my soul hath thirsted for from my very cradle. Yes," he continued, " you will then, lady, own some participation in the feelings which have guided me, and which have alone possessed my every faculty, until I became sensible of the influence of your charms."

Here, being aware that he could no longer suppress one of those paroxysms into which his unrestrained habits occasioned him to fall, whenever excited by speaking or thinking deeply of the in-

juries he had received from his brother, he merely added, in choked accents, while his eyes seemed like burning coals, and his whole features were convulsed with an expression which Rosa thought could only belong to a demon or a maniac—

"I am overcome, lady, by a sense of the injuries I have endured,—and have only to say that your slightest wish may command here every thing that can add to your comfort."

Here he turned and burst from the room, while Rosa and Annie gazed on each other in the utmost terror. The dwarf had by his last expressions of deep revenge against his brother, done away all Rosa's feeling of compassion toward himself, while the frantic appearance assumed by him on leaving the room, had, as we have said, completely frightened both of them, so that they only seemed to have exchanged the fear they felt of seeing his brother for one, which, though they were perhaps less able to define it, was quite as overpowering, and which seemed to be the forerunner of perhaps a long confinement in their present abode, and of many difficulties, if released from it. In this state of feeling Rosa's principal hope was founded on her being enabled to get a

letter conveyed to Sir Robert Carey, by one of the people who worked in the gardens, whom she might bribe by means of the money she still retained about her person. In order to obtain writing materials for this purpose, she determined to apply for them, under pretence of furnishing the dwarf with a list of such necessaries as she might be supposed to require, from the scanty supply brought with her on her late hurried journey. The old woman had therefore no sooner appeared with lights, than she made her comprehend her wishes, and had the satisfaction of having them complied with shortly after; and having noted down some articles for the inspection of the dwarf, she betook herself with a light, and the remaining paper, to her sleeping apartment, where she set herself to inform her guardian of some of the particulars of her late disasters, and to crave his help in emancipating her from her present state of confinement.

How she sped in this design we shall not here relate, contenting ourselves with informing our readers that some time had passed after the occurrences just mentioned, when one morning the dwarf, who had meantime paid Rosa several vi-

sits, discovered that she and her maid were both missing; an open window, and the common contrivance of a rope-ladder, being all the traces he could discover of their mode of flight. Nor could the most diligent investigation furnish him with any clew even for suspicion of those around him, as having been the assisters or abettors of their escape. Naturally supposing Rosa to have fled toward England, he lost no time in pursuing the track he deemed her to have followed; but it was all in vain, and being unable to hear any tidings of her, on arriving at the coast, he took shipping himself for one of the most northerly ports in England, where he landed in a state of frantic excitation, determined to gratify his thirst of vengeance, by being the first to announce to his brother the news of Rosa's having escaped the death he supposed her to have met, that he might enjoy the abject despair to which such intelligence would reduce him.

CHAPTER XXI.

'Tis thine a subtler mischief to pursue
And drag a deeper darker plot to view.
POETRY OF THE ANTI-JACOBIN.

AFTER Lord Algerton had made Isabella his wife, and possessed himself of the estate of her cousin, he formed two conjectures regarding the means by which this much wished-for consummation had been brought about. The first was that his brother had perpetrated the act of removing Rosa from his path, by means of some one of the modes of dismissal from this sublunary scene, of which there are so many within the reach of the assassin; the other was grounded on the superstition of the age, which the natural powers of his mind were by no means sufficient to combat. For, in truth, his belief in the dwarf's supernatural gifts savoured of our friend Roger's; and he did not

doubt that he could "call spirits from the vasty deep," or once question if they would come at his bidding,—his extraordinary brother being gifted with that faculty which endows bold and daring spirits with dominion over the weak and pusillanimous, and who, holding their charter from nature, will continue in all ages to exercise this free prerogative. Thus gifted, Humphrey Algerton had ever turned to his own account the weakness of his brother, and overawed his spirit with a mysterious feeling, which belonged to the obscurity of another world. It was in this latter way, as we have hinted, that the husband of Isabella found it most convenient to account for the decease of her, whose opportune removal had placed him on the pinnacle of his wishes. The death of Rosa had been sufficiently proved to have been accidental, and what had he to do with it? Yet there were hours in which Conscience asserted her rights, and when she almost told him he "should sleep no more." Yet with this there grew "such staunchless avarice," that he still felt willing to endure the casual visits of this avenging fiend, rather than give up aught of his new acquisition, either in that consequence or wealth, on which his pride and happi-

ness were ever placed. Thus our readers will not think it strange that he should, when no longer needing his services, shrink with horror from the idea of ever again encountering his brother,* who had hitherto ruled him as he listed, and who, his fears ever whispered, loved him not, in spite of the aids he had afforded him. His escape from such encounter was, however, of short duration: for, on a day when he had chosen to exhibit his magnificence to some of the magnates of Scotland, whom his special invitation had drawn around him, while exercising the dominion of a petty sovereign over his assembled vassals, in the hall of his feudal power, he was struck dumb by the ominous appearance of that brother before whom he was ever doomed to quail; a sight which caused him to tremble so violently, and threw such a damp over the noble pride of his features, that all present were filled with astonishment. Yet did he say to himself, what had he to dread in his present unquestionable state of prosperity? He had not murdered the heiress of the dominion he now possessed; and, if she did come unfairly by her death, let him who had contrived it abide the consequence. Nor perhaps would he have been displeased, al-

though his elfish brother had suffered the penalty of such a deed, and by this means been swept from his path for ever.

Lord Algerton now stood, as we have said, in the old hall of the castle of Rosa's ancestors: it was large and gloomy; the trophies of its ancient possessors hung around it; and it exhibited on its crowded pavements some resemblance of ancient times, when thronged with the supporters and vassals of its master's pride. In all this it seemed again to have experienced resuscitation; but when the hardy Scots beheld the elegantly formed figure of Lord Algerton adorned in the English courtly costume, with curled and scented locks, they considered him as "a fellow of no mark or likelihood." And when they further beheld him encounter, with what they deemed a womanish fear, the sight of the dwarfish being, who limped and halted through the avenue made for him, as he pushed his way to the upper end of the hall, their contempt increased. For, without knowing the reason which caused him to dread the appearance of this strange being, both high and low of the assembled throng attributed it to a

cowardly fear of his unseemly form, and of the insane gaze he appeared to fix upon him. But, though they thus deemed of the effect which his presence created on the lord of the mansion, they knew little of the unutterable horror that now crept over and palsied every limb of him whose feelings they were criticising. Lord Algerton had never listened to the tones of his brother's singular voice, or seen his diabolical countenance, without a presentiment of evil. Yet had they never the power over him which they now usurped when, upon beholding him, his tongue cleaved to his mouth, and he felt that he would willingly have sunk into the lowest dungeon of his castle to avoid the basilisk gaze fixed on him by the dwarf, as he attained the upper end of the hall, and thus addressed him—

"Hearing, my Lord, that you kept high wassail here to-day, I have come an unbidden, but, I trust, not an unwelcome guest; be pleased, therefore, to grant me some token that my visit is not unacceptable."

Here the utmost Lord Algerton could do, was to bow his head, with a forced expression of welcome

" Ah ! well, that will satisfy these good people," he said, in a haughty tone, " though methinks they seem still to gape and stare upon me, as if I were something out of nature: is there any thing so very strange," he said, " my good friends, in a human being formed as I am ? Have ye not all seen and tolerated those that lacked somewhat of their fair proportions. Some one who, for instance, being deprived of a leg, or an arm, were furnished with *less* than Nature's bounty allows to her sons in general; why, then, should ye," he continued, with a derisive jesture, as he turned round, and, putting back his right hand, touched his humph behind ; and then again facing about, laid it on his protuberant breast " why then, I say, should ye despise him who is thus superabundantly furnished in his outward man ; the more especially when this good gentleman shall have certified, which I doubt not he will do, that the inner man is in nothing deficient ? For, he can tell you that long study has possessed me of secrets, by which I can enrich whom I please. Therefore, I pray you to speak," he said, turning to Lord Algerton, and giving him one of those searching and intimidating glances, so peculiar to himself

when he wished to convey some deep and hidden meaning, and which was so strongly felt by him to whom it was addressed, that it seemed to arouse him for the moment from that sort of night-mare which he had felt ever since the entrance of his brother.

Thus prompted, Lord Algerton instantly stammered forth a corroboration of all that his elfish companion had said; while, being no longer inclined to trouble himself with playing the feudal lord, he dismissed his vassals, with promise of the redress of those grievances which some had come to complain of, or with the assurance of granting the favours that others solicited, and was presently relieved, by being called on to repair, with his guests, to the dinner-table, where a profusion of luxuries awaited them.

This relief was, however, of brief continuance, for, on entering the dining apartment, he was cut short in an apology he attempted to make for the nonappearance of the lady of the house, on account of indisposition, by seeing his seat at the head of the board already occupied by his elfish brother, the expression of whose malignant eye, combined with the waving of his and toward the

lower end, sufficed to make him forego his rightful place, to assume that which was thus dictated to him. While denied any articulate expression of his inward terror and vexation, he bit his lips till they bled, as he looked on the dwarf with all the dread with which a tale of enchantment represents some fated wretch to behold him who is gifted with both the power and inclination to effect his destruction. These sensations, so apparent in his countenance, were observed with malignant triumph by his brother, as he addressed the guests—

"I am unacquainted, sirs, with your respective ranks, but arrange yourselves as ye list, ye are all heartily welcome; and, I trust, ye will be the merrier that I have arrived in time to occupy this seat, so willingly ceded to me by him who hath been wont of late to fill it, but who now, in his courtesy, sits at the foot of the board."

Thus did he continue to insult and domineer over his brother during the entertainment, who endeavoured to cloak his mortification by a sly look of commiseration, or a shrug of contempt, when the eyes of the dwarf were turned from him. Vain, however, were these artifices, for they imposed not on any of his more observing visitors; who

were fully aware that there must be some strong reason for his submitting to be thus swayed and insulted under his own roof. And this idea being sufficient to keep their curiosity alive, they watched the brothers during the repast with the most prying attention. Nor did one curl of the dwarf's scornful lip, or one scowl of his ominous eye, any more than one expression of subdued resentment, or of slavish fear, on the part of their host, escape their notice. Lord Algerton, meanwhile perfectly sensible of what was passing around him, bitterly cursed his own folly, for having allowed himself to be brought into the situation of the castigated dog, that, cowering under the lash, would fain, if he dared, rend him who inflicts it; when, by one prompt act, he might have freed himself, perhaps for ever, from the hated domination of his elfish brother, by making his servants seize and confine him as a maniac. But the moment for such proceedings had gone by, whenever the dwarf had once fixed that spirit-quelling gaze upon him, whose effect he so well knew. He felt that his fear had destroyed his future consequence in the eyes of his guests, and he listened with a preternatural horror to the hollow inward tones of his

brother, as, lost in the maze of his own fears, he still expected and dreaded something worse from the expression of the dwarf's countenance, which every minute exhibited a new species of triumph; judging from which, it was evident to the unhappy Lord Algerton, that his malice had not yet attained its projected height; and that he had something still deeper, and more diabolical, to dread. For now his conscience repeated to him the long story of this brother's wrongs, who had never allowed him to suppose he had forgotten them, even while convincing him that he could not long exist without his aid; and who, in his earliest recollections, appeared to him as that terrific being whose sway over him was unlimited.

It was while thus fearing, as we have said, some deeper malice, that Lord Algerton heard himself called on, by his brother, to listen to his discourse, in that sepulchral voice which was wont to astound the listeners; and which now hushed the guests into deep silence, in spite of the genial mood induced throughout the circle, by the copious libations already made to Bacchus—

"Listen, my lord, for I am about to repeat a strange dream that I have had, in which you were

also concerned, for methought that you and I were *brothers*,—me the elder born, like Cain, with all the evil of our fallen nature clinging fast upon me, and in very body still misshapen thus, and still unloved of all; and so I was, methought, cast forth to neglect and penury, and you enjoyed my birthright; while you were also, as you now are, goodly in form, and approved of the world. But time passed on, and nought remained to you of the inheritance of your ancestors; and then you married a fair bride, who directly became the heiress of this stately castle, and its proud domain. So far it was well, and I beheld you, even as you now are, exulting in the possession of beauty, power, and riches. But lo! even while I looked upon you thus, a sudden change arose, and you were, methought, nought but an usurper; for behold her whom you believed to be dead still lived, and returned again to hurl you from your imagined height down to an eternal abyss of want and infamy."

While this speech, so mysterious to the guests, caused them to look on him who uttered it as a madman, it was but too well understood by Lord Algerton, to convey some ominous threat of com-

ing evil; yet, anxious to be saved the mortification of being further degraded in the presence of those he had called together to witness his pomp and splendour, he started up, and, while his livid cheeks and lips, and the ghastly stare of his eyes, told that he was strongly possessed by some strange fear, he put a curb upon his feelings, as he said aloud, addressing himself to his brother—

"Nay, why all this? Talk no more, I pray you, of dreams; but let us enjoy the realities placed before us. You who are this night our landlord, act as such, and order forth the choicest contents of our cellars. Let the hilarity of our guests equal for this night their welcome, and let us tell of dreams to-morrow."

"Be it so, for *to-morrow* comes apace," said the dwarf, who, content for the present with the knowledge of the fears he had just instilled into his brother's mind, continued at intervals to eye his disturbed countenance, and his agitated and restless movements, with fiendish enjoyment. Excited by this feeling, and by the liquor he had drunk (which, though he had partaken of it sparingly, still had its effect), he seemed now as if determined to astonish his guests by a display of

his convivial talents. He entertained them with sallies of wit which might have done honour to Momus himself, and, whilst he filled high the sparkling wine goblets, or stirred the wassail bowl, he still gave zest to their contents by all those arts of good companionship so captivating to those who are accessible to the pleasures of a deep draught and a merry tale. For, even in his present state of mind, while awaiting the completion of his long cherished revenge, with the same impatience the hungry tiger feels for food, he disdained not the minor gratification of this triumph over his brother. He thus exerted himself so successfully as their entertainer, that Lord Algerton seemed at length no more remembered by his guests, and each one lost the prejudice he had previously imbibed on the first sight of the dwarf, who adroitly availed himself of the knowledge he had acquired during his long residence in Scotland of its customs and language, to accommodate himself to their various humours. It therefore happened that, before the conclusion of the evening's festivity, they looked on him, who scorned each of them in his heart with the gall of the bitterest misanthropy, as one most eminently fitted to fill the station he had so strangely as-

sumed. They found, in the conversation of their unexpected host, a sort of relief from the tedious hours they had anticipated spending with their Englisk neighbour; and they were altogether so much pleased with their entertainment, that it was long after the great clock in the hall had sounded the hour of twelve, before they departed each to his own home, to ponder on the strange scene they had witnessed, and to wonder what it might mean.

No sooner was the festal hall cleared of the visitors, whom Lord Algerton had long wished ten thousand miles off, than, being galled and irritated to the last extremity by the protracted torture he had endured, he demanded of his brother, in a tone he had never before dared to assume, what were his reasons for the insults he had thought proper to heap upon him in the presence of his visitors, and more particularly his meaning for relating what he was pleased to call a dream?

"Question you what means it?" said the dwarf, in a tone that sounded the more terrific in the ears of Lord Algerton, as, while it seemed to take the semblance of unmingled scorn, he could detect in it a depth of suppressed passion that seemed about to burst forth. "It means *retribution* even to

the full extent, for which my soul hath thirsted ever since thou first sawest the light of day. For know that the rightful owner of this castle still lives, and is even now at hand, to reclaim her patrimony, and that, while ye were wasting in riot that inheritance which belonged to me, I was acquiring wherewith to redeem it, and that, having satisfied the Jew, it is now mine own, as well as that title ye have so long borne. And now," he continued, "walk forth of this hold when ye list, for the world is all before ye. This might not have mattered much to you who are possessed of such fair proportions and so handsome a face, and who might have by their means captivated some silly but wealthy dame, had ye not been already provided with a beauteous bride, who may prove a serious obstacle to such a laudable scheme of advancement."

In these few words of Humphrey Algerton were contained the concentrated essence of all that burning hatred which had possessed him through life, and, while he uttered them, and more especially his last taunt, his countenance, so formed to express the malignant passions, exhibited such an indescribable picture of triumphant mockery,

that the spirit of his brother, hitherto so imbecile and so enduring, being no longer kept in subjection by self-interest, burst forth into unfettered fury, and, drawing his sword, he suddenly sprung forward, and made a desperate lounge at the dwarf, while he exclaimed—

"Take that, thou hideous lump of venom, for thou shalt not live to triumph over me." But Humphrey was aware of the movement, and escaped from it with the same agility he had evinced when encountering his brother at Denmark House. Gaining the opposite side of the long table, he bade defiance for some time to the fruitless attempts of his brother to reach him, while the gall of his hatred still overflowed in the bitterest jibes. At length, perfectly insane with rage, he who was thus baited placed one foot on the table, and leaping across it, seized on the garments of his brother, whom his ready sword was about to pierce through the body, when the dwarf, who held a dagger under his cloak, plunged it unerringly, and with the quickness of lightning, into Lord Algerton's heart, who immediately fell a dead weight on the floor, without one groan or struggle to mark his exit.

This death-stroke had been so much the work of an instant, and so little premeditated, nay, so industriously avoided by the dwarf, who had inflicted it in mere self-defence, that he bent for some time in earnest scrutiny over the body, till he had ascertained the fact of life being for ever fled, and then vented his regrets aloud. Let it not, however, be imagined that they were such as might have assailed a human being in his circumstances, whose heart had owned one touch of humanity.

"Ah!" he said, "thou hast then escaped me, with not an hundredth part of my accumulated wrongs repaid; and by mine own ill-fated hand, too, thou art set free from the penalties I have been years in preparing, and fled where my hate cannot influence thy destiny. Yet happy thou canst not be; I feel assured of that. And is it really so," he continued, "that thou liest there, with thy beauteous curls all steeped in gore, and thy well proportioned body now a prey for worms? Sure never since the deed done by Cain, to whom I so lately and so ominously likened myself, hath man become the slayer of so fair a brother. A long good night to thee, for we shall not, I hope, speedily meet again. Meanwhile take my curses with

thee, for well didst thou aid in making this world to me a waste and howling wilderness, where no spot of verdure was left, of friend or birthright to repose me on ; and now, forsooth, I must again to banishment, because thy blood hath set a mark upon me."

Having thus said, he ground his teeth in fiendish malice, and fled the scene of murder with such noiseless steps, that he gained the outer entrance of the castle before his departure was perceived by the drowsy domestics, and had escaped far beyond pursuit long ere the deed he had done was discovered by them.

It is not requisite that we should here attempt to describe the tumult raised in the household by this discovery—the exertions made to overtake the murderer—or the wild wailings and frantic despair of his widowed bride, who, roused from her bed, and directed to the spot, by the loud lamentations of the servants for their master, had her unslippered feet bathed in his blood, ere she com-

and with th the fact of his murder. Nor yet shall

Algerton's he the first bitterness of her friendless

weight on the out, leaving her for a while, trans-

to mark his oughts, and those of our readers, to a

ountry and scene.

CHAPTER XXII.

Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please.

* * * *

So bright a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honour forms the social temper here.

GOLDSMITH.

WE now return to our hero, whom we have been long desirous of revisiting, for the purpose of ascertaining how he had fared since he received the news of the death of Rosa. There was much of ardent enthusiasm in the temperament of Logan, and he had volunteered it all in behalf of Rosa, after his having once beheld her; for from that time she had become "the cherished madness of his heart." He deeply felt that while all was dark around him, and his every kindly feeling

had met with scorn and blight, she had still been faithful to her engagement, though almost unknowing and unknown. This seemed so luminously explained by herself, on the night she had conversed with him, while borrowing the semblance of her cousin, that he believed himself intimately acquainted with every movement of her pure and devoted mind. To which being added, as we have said, the impression made on him by her lovely countenance and form, we need not wonder that it had the effect of years of attachment on a mind formed of such materials, and that love to which he had been before a stranger, now fully possessed him even to the engrossing of every faculty. He thus seemed only to await for the fulfilment of all his wishes, some favourable turn of fortune, of which he had lately received so many indications, when a packet reached him from England, containing letters from Prince Henry and Sir Robert Carey of momentous import. That of the Prince merely mentioned the pleasure it gave him to forward the document then inclosed, which he had obtained from his Majesty, and which, upon opening the parchment alluded to, he perceived to contain a reversal of the attainder

against his father and his family ; by which act he was himself restored to all his privileges as a British subject, being also, in the words of the writing, " set free from all *infamy*, *scandal*, and *ignominy*, which could be imputed to him on account of the attainder, so that from henceforth, neither in Court nor without, shall it be turned to his hurt or prejudice." But while the deed declared most expressly and copiously, that Logan was restored to all his capabilities of enjoying any species of property within the realm governed by the King of England, it also declared him to possess no property there, all of which he had been deprived by the forefaulture being restored, *excepting the lands and possessions held by his late father*.

We have said the loss of property had always been the least part of the burden laid on our hero ; and it appeared to himself, and to his young friend the Count D'Aubigné, who happened to be with him when he received the packet, that his happiness at the moment that he had finished the perusal of this important paper, could not have admitted of any augmentation, had it contained a promise of restoring his estates, so complete did

his satisfaction seem at being released from what had been the heaviest part of his misfortune. It was with a light heart, therefore, and eyes sparkling with pleasure, that he took up the letter of Sir Robert: he had, however, merely, as it seemed to his friend, had time to cast his eyes over the first page, when he uttered a suppressed cry of agony, and the sudden change upon his countenance, from the most buoyant hope to that of deadly despair, became fearful to look upon, as the hues of death seemed to flit over it. His young friend watched him narrowly, until he had read the letter through, to which point his strength seemed hardly sufficient to carry him, when he fell into his arms in a state so nearly approaching to insensibility, that he with some difficulty placed him in a chair, where, to his great relief, he had not long remained, when he began somewhat to revive. Logan was no sooner capable of reflection, than observing the earnest and affectionate interest taken in him by his young friend, he pointed to the letter of Sir Robert, and desired him to read it. Logan had become, since we last parted from him, much attached to this young man, in whom he saw all the graces of youth com-

bined with a genius of a superior class, which lost none of its value in his eyes, from its very frequently shewing itself in that light-hearted frolicsome gaiety, so natural to his nation, especially as he was known to be as brave as he was gay, graceful, and kind-hearted. They had therefore become intimate friends, and Logan had clung to him in a foreign land, and, in the confidence of reciprocal affection, had opened his heart to his inspection, as to one with whom it seemed to claim affinity. He was of course no stranger to the name of Rosa, or to the history of Logan's misfortunes and his love; and thus it was that he entered, in the present instance, so completely into the feelings of our hero. And, though it was not in nature that the more than brotherly attention and kindness Logan constantly received from him, could so far avail as to heal the wound made by the dreadful shock he had received, on supposing her for ever lost to him, who had been of late, through all his darkest feelings, the load-star of his thoughts, yet they certainly sufficed to soften his misery.

For some time there seemed to come with this fresh and deep sorrow, a new capacity of wretch-

cdness to the unhappy Logan; but when his spirit had once cleared the precincts of that madness on which it had so nearly bordered, his inherent pride served him to baffle the eye of curious inquirers, and, though shrinking from society, yet, when forced into it, he appeared nothing different from those around him. How it fared with his withered heart none knew; and perhaps, though they had known, none would have cared, save his friend D'Aubigné. But, while enduring the most poignant misery, the piety with which he was largely endowed prevented him from daring to indulge feelings that seemed as if they would soon sap not only the sources of health, but also those of his understanding, and he accordingly combated their force with all his powers of reason, until they were seemingly converted into a patient melancholy; and he again was able to go through the routine of his military duties, when he received the promised invitation to bestow the marriage portion on Jacquenette. It was written by Father Paul, and dictated in the most respectful and pressing terms by the old man and his daughter. There was something in the idea of witnessing such a scene, which seemed in direct contrariety

with all his own blasted hopes. But Logan, considering this as a selfish feeling, yielded to the entreaties of his friend D'Aubigné, to accede to the wishes of the good peasant and his daughter, and also to his wish of being allowed to accompany him.

Few more delicious days ever shone from the heavens on the beautiful fields of France, than that which gladdened them on the day fixed for Logan's second visit to the inmates of the vineyard, when, with his friend, he took his way toward it. There is a gaiety of heart manifested in the countenance, and in every attitude of a French peasant, when he puts on his holiday-dress, that is perfectly irresistible to the heart capable of expanding at the sight of human felicity, and our hero had scarcely entered the vineyard, when he felt attracted by the most powerful sympathy with their innocent happiness. We may truly say *innocent*, for at that day they were totally free from all those notions of equalization, by which they have been latterly corrupted, and filled with the most filial regard and adorning veneration for their great monarch, and with profound respect for all those whom it had pleased God to constitute their su-

periors in rank and wealth. They were consequently happy and contented in their humble situations, and we may venture to say more so at the period of which we are treating, than any other people under the sun. For, blessed with a genial climate, the few years in which they had been emancipated from the miseries and devastations of war, had sufficed, as we have said, to restore the face of their country to its ancient fertility, and every man already reaped the reward of his industry, while protected by that good king, who was the avowed friend of the peasant, and whose kindly wish it was "that each one of them might be enabled to dress on every week-day a piece of meat with his vegetables, and put a fowl in his pot on the Sunday." If, therefore, the spirits of Frenchmen are proverbially light, and hardly to be subdued by the pressure of accumulated misfortune, they were under such a benign reign, doubly so when encouraged by individual prosperity.

Brought, therefore, to witness a scene of happiness, and called upon by their kind hearts to participate in it, all the neighbours of the good old Nicholas had assembled early in the day to assist

in the labour of gathering in the grapes. Thus, when Logan and his friend entered the grounds, about four o'clock in the afternoon, they found them still employed in their self-imposed task. The young men were clipping the full and luscious bunches of grapes from the luxuriant vines, which they carefully lodged in the extended aprons of their young sweethearts, who were dressed in all the gaudiest and gayest colours of the rainbow. Their bosoms garnished with blooming bouquets, and their small straw-hats trimmed with a profusion of natural flowers, set jauntily on one side, and tied under their chins with a smart ribband. This fairy scene exhibited to the eyes of our hero one of those fascinating specimens of rural life, which the poet and the painter delight to picture forth to the imagination, and which had been coupled in all the romantic visions of his early youth with Arcadian happiness. While Logan and the Count wandered from alley to alley of this enchanting spot, it seemed to them to possess all the attributes of the Elysian fields, in as far as outward appearance promised, for here were fruits and flowers—serene heavens—odoriferous breezes —and those happy beings who seemed placed out

of the reach of the turmoils of the great city, with all its fictitious actors, which lay under their own every-day observation, and where the restless and intricate movements of its populace formed so marked a contrast with what they now beheld. Logan could have looked on all its combinations of beauty, innocence, and peace, till they fell on his senses with the entrancing and softening influence of some blissful dream, had his heart not whispered to him, "Alas! but where is she, without whom it now seems that I could not find happiness in Paradise?" But though this thought haunted him incessantly, his benevolent spirit rejoiced in beholding the pleasure of those around him, and though his countenance was pale and melancholy, it yet displayed an open-hearted interest in what was passing around him, which was beheld with feelings of gratitude by those whose fate had placed them in a subordinate rank, but who, as if by intuition, seemed to understand his kindly feelings toward them. Many, therefore, were the little offerings of the best grapes and the choicest flowers made to him by the pretty grisettes, as he passed by them, while his more happy companion, who had a smile—an arch look—or a nod for each, was much less distinguished

by such favours. But, if not gratified to his heart's content, by attracting similar notice, D'Aubigné was much more delighted than such regards could have made him, by observing the interest the whole scene had excited in his friend, which he permitted himself to believe was a presage of better hopes. In this expectation, he, however, deceived himself, for the pleasurable feelings of Logan were not such as could have extended beyond the passing moments, when denied the visions of to-morrow, on which his mind had fed ever since he had beheld her with whom his soul had claimed such close affinity, and whom he now contemplated as removed from him for ever, by having become the etherial inhabitant of some brighter sphere, but whose image of material loveliness still twined itself around his heart.

Nor was the impression made by the form and face of Rosa at all weakened by the sight of Jacquenette, though most perfectly beautiful, as with her bridal honours "thick upon her," she received, with deep blushes and with natural grace, our two young gentlemen, when called to the interior of the cottage, to bestow the marriage-portion allotted to her by the King. The beauty of Jacque

nette, we have said, was perfect, yet did it not in the eyes of Logan, bear any comparison with that of her, whom, having but once seen, he remembered with an accuracy that was the result of the ardent love which her appearance, under such peculiar circumstances, had engendered. And, in truth, the difference of character in their beauty must have been obvious to every discerning eye, for, in Rosa's countenance, there appeared through every feature that intellectual grace and dignity which carries with it such indescribable fascination, while that of Jacquenette was totally destitute of such expression of mind, and owed all its charm to an air of innocent naïveté. Yet could he hardly look on him, who was now her husband, without a sigh. This symptom of regret was not occasioned by envy of the superior happiness of the youthful peasant, nor by a high appreciation of the beauty of the bride. Jacquenette, though fitted to be the toy of a king, would never, he was sensible, become the companion and equal of such as himself. He was only moved by the general idea, that the bridal pride and joy of the young man before him, though humbler both in quality and degree than what he might have proved with

Rosa, was nevertheless just that very pleasure from which he was now for ever debarred. The qualifications of this girl, thought he, are of the simplest order; yet are they sufficient, perhaps, to produce greater happiness in a situation so free from fictitious wants and wishes, than can ever be enjoyed, with all extrinsic advantages, in those stations of society falsely called *better;* where factitious tastes and visionary desires often neutralise even the natural domestic joys, which all human creatures are originally fitted and intended to experience.

The marriage ceremony which united the fate of Claude and Jacquenette, had taken place at the little church of an adjacent village, early in the day, when, as we have informed the reader, most of the neighbouring peasantry being invited to spend this joyous holiday at the vineyard, they had volunteered to gather in the grapes of their old host, before they gave themselves up entirely to their sports, though, in fact, the labour they had undertaken could scarcely be otherwise denominated, being light in itself—cheered by the sound of the pipe and tabour—by the song and the merry jest—and by refreshing and exhilarating draughts

of weak wines. Still, they looked forward with delight to the conclusion of their task, which was nearly ended, when Logan and his friend entered the house, where, in the same apartment before visited by the former, they found, besides the old man, and the bride and bridegroom, Father Paul, and a very handsome youth, whom the good priest mentioned aside to Logan, as the son of Nicholas, that he had newly recovered. But while Logan was looking, with deep interest, alternately on the prodigal son and on the aged father, who had again received him with joy to his arms, his attention was suddenly arrested by the sight of a little dog, which, having been for some time asleep in a corner of the room, was just roused from his couchant posture. This little creature was presently at the feet of Logan, on whom he leaped with the most frantic delight. Logan's satisfaction, on recognizing his little Mignon, could only be equalled by that of the poor animal, on finding his long lost master, who immediately demanded of those about him how the dog came there, claiming him at the same time as his property. To these inquiries the son of Nicholas replied, that the little creature belonged to a person in whose service he

then was, and that it had followed him, but that if he knew the name of the gentleman who claimed him, he should probably be able to restore him immediately. The name thus demanded was no sooner pronounced by Logan, than the lad, throwing on him a look of delight, which seemed accompanied almost by a start of surprise, bounded abruptly out of the room.

"That is my son," said the old man, as he left the room, "who, tempted to evil while yet a boy, hath been long separated from me, but whom Providence hath now returned to the path of duty, and to crave the blessing, which hath not been withheld by me. The good Father Paul hath probed his heart, and having found there more folly than vice, still loves him, how should his old father then refuse his forgiveness? On this day I am doubly happy; my son is convinced of his errors, and I have bestowed my daughter on a worthy young man, who will continue to love her while she deserves it, which may God grant she may ever do."

Here the voice of the old man was choked, for the remembrance of Jacquenette's mother had come full upon him, and Logan and Father Paul both

feared the effect these recollections might take on the young couple. But the look which his bride cast upon Claude, as her father said this, conveyed such a heartfelt assurance of lasting attachment, that, as he took her hand and kissed it, he seemed to rest fully satisfied that he should be spared such future misery. Logan, partly to break in upon the ideas suggested by the apparent fears of the old man, and partly from interest in his little favourite, who was at the moment licking his hands, was about to inquire the name of the person whom the son of Nicholas had served, when the door opened, and the young man entered, accompanied by Roger, whose gigantic figure and extreme haste seemed to be in danger of bearing down the slim Frenchman, and whose extraordinary contortions and grimaces, by which he expressed the superabundance of his joy, when he had placed himself before his master, occasioned the Count D'Aubigné, in spite of himself, to give way to a most unextinguishable fit of laughter.

The master of this faithful boor looked on him, however, with very different sensations, composed of wonder and extreme curiosity, occasioned by his appearance at a time and in a place where he

could so little have expected to see him. Nor were these sensations lessened for some time, by the unintelligible jargon in which Roger clothed his meaning, and through which Logan could only catch such transient glimpses of light as are thrown by the flickerings of an expiring taper on the darkness around. But the best way to explain our simile, will be to repeat his words.

" Weel, Restalrig," he said, while every line of his broad face seemed to be drawn and twitched with eager delight; " ye are here, and me seeking ye sae lang through a' the streets o' Parish, as if I had been goaming for a needle in a wisp o' hay. It's dear bought honey, they say, ' that's licked off the thorn;' but I carena for that, though I hae suffered sae muckle among they *yapes* o' French bodies that have na sense to ken what I wad be at. But, as I said, I dinna care for that now, when I hae gotten ye at last to tell sic grand news. But yet it was a sair vexation, na doubt, to ken what a dule I could have saved ye anent the Lady Rosa, and not be able to get speech o' ye; but ne'er mind," he continued, " ye hae gotten yere little doggie else; and ye'll may be get hersel too belive; for ' love me, love my

dog;' and I'm sure had the wee beastie been yere ainsel, she couldna have bestowed mair kisses upon ye, nor carried ye in her breast in a mair loving fashion, nor she has done him."

The bewilderment of Logan toward the conclusion of this harangue became so great, that not being able to credit what the words of Roger seemed to imply, and yet not knowing how else to interpret them, he could hardly find voice to ask the question on which his life seemed to hang. Roger's reply in the affirmative to this question, "Do you mean to say, that Mistress Rosa Grey still lives?" seemed to burst upon his master as the full splendour of the sun does upon the wretch long used to the darkness of the dungeon, when he hath almost learned to love despair. Roger continued;—"Troth I mean sae, and she bides even now within the wa's o' this biggin safe and sound; for this lad and mysel brought her out o' the keeping o' the deil a while syne. And now I beseech ye, Restalrig, tak her in yere ain aught, an' mak her yere wife, that I may be free o' her; for truth to tell, I'm e'en weary o' the hardskep I hae had wi' her this while past, forby a' the dule that I dreed whan I thought she was lying aneath yon rickle o' stanes in the Mere."

" Where, then, did you find her?" said Logan, while he gasped for breath; " and how was she saved from that dreadful death; and how came she here?"

" Hout tout, yere honour," replied Roger, " a fool may spear mair questions they say nor a wise man can answer; and sae its nae fairlie that yere wisdom has kittled my folly; for I canna tell ye a' ye want to ken. But ye see there was ane that maun hae had some interest in her it seems, or he wadna hae let her out o' the auld tower afore it fell, and brought her here till eat paddocks for chuckies; and keepit her that straight confined, that mysel' and that deil's-buckie, (pointing to Francisco), wha ken's mair nor he likes till tell, had sair play till won at her."

Here Logan perceiving that his best chance of coming at the information he so much wished to obtain, was by questioning the son of Nicholas, expressed his desire to have a private conversation with him, which the old man no sooner heard, than taking his long staff in his hand, and leaning on the ready arm of Claude, he said to him—

" It is time, my children, that we shewed ourselves to our good friends in the vineyard. Come,

then, I will go forth to look upon happiness once more. May it abide here while I yet tarry; for, Oh! how short time hath it ever remained with me."

So saying, he walked out, accompanied by his daughter, and beckoning to Father Paul and Roger to follow, who immediately obeyed his signal, leaving Logan with Francisco and the Count, the latter of whom feeling that it might be better to leave his friend alone to catechise the young Frenchman, likewise slipped from the apartment; and was no sooner gone, than Logan said—

"Tell me, young man, all you know of this lady; and more especially of the person through whose means she was brought to France; speak out, and fear nothing; nor shall reward be wanting, if you speak all the truth."

Here the young man seemed to stand, as Logan thought, irresolute. It was, however, the pause of renovated feeling, and of an honest pride, that had returned in a tenfold degree, which prompted him to revolt at the idea of receiving a bribe as the means of extracting the truth. His face was therefore flushed with shame, and his figure more erect than usual; while, with a faultering tongue, he at length replied to Logan—

" If, sir, you are pleased to credit what I say, it is well, and I will tell you all I know; but I cannot accept of a bribe for speaking truth, though it may cost me some struggle to tell it. But no matter," said the youth, wiping his brow with his handkerchief, as with a flushed countenance, which appeared by his contracted eyebrows to be bent up to some unpleasant mental exertion, he continued: " You shall know all, if you can patiently endure the recital of my short history, which is in some measure necessary to the understanding of the story you wish to know."

" Go on, I beseech you," said Logan.

" Let me then first assure you sir," he continued, " that I have for ever forsaken the crooked paths into which I was drawn, by one who is both in shape and mind a devil; but who hath no longer any power over me. It was when my father dwelt many leagues from hence, where he rented a vineyard attached to an old chateau which he inhabited, that this monster, taking advantage of my youth and inexperience, lured me from my home at night, by treating me as his companion, and teaching me many games of hazard, in which he soon allowed me to win all that was staked. This

fostered in me a spirit of enterprise, which had before made me restless and discontented; and when he told me he was going to a foreign country, and would take me with him, my heart bounded with joy. I figured to myself that I should one day return loaded with riches; and I gladly followed him."

"And whither," said Logan, "did he go?"

"To England,—to London," replied Francisco, "where he speedily amassed great wealth by gambling; and where I was sometimes allowed to participate in this miserable way of enriching myself, which, however, did not produce sufficient gain to allow of my following the dictates of my better reason, and returning to my country. I cannot say to my parent, for I doubted if he would receive me. But, ah! sir," he said, with a shudder, while he again applied the handkerchief to his face; "you can never understand the misery of the nights I endured, when my old father and Jacquenette stood before me. No matter, it has nothing to do with what you wish to know, and what in honesty I am bound to tell. Well, then, this man with whom I dwelt, if man he may be called, who was so misshapen that he partook not

in form or visage of any human likeness, was the elder brother of one who had assumed his title by some agreement between them, induced, it would appear, by the younger, known as Lord Algerton, being in possession, by their father's will, of his whole property."

"Ah!" said Logan, half inarticulately, as he recollected the night of the Queen's masque; "I have seen and heard somewhat of this same lord; but proceed."

"This brother was hated by the wretch I speak of; and though he let me not entirely into his counsels, I gathered from his discourse, and from different circumstances, that for some deep reason of his own, he encouraged him whom they call Lord Algerton to marry the cousin of the lady after whom you have enquired." Here Francisco related that part of the story regarding the marriage of Isabella, the journey of Rosa, the fall of the tower, and her removal to France, with which the reader is already acquainted; confessing his having participated in the contrivances of the dwarf, by which he was able to explain the motives of revenge that actuated his conduct, while, at the same time, he assured him, that, having no feeling but

that of disgust toward his elfish master, and of sorrow for the life he had led in his service, he only remained in it at the time of Rosa's journey, that he might be near her to ascertain that no harm happened to her; and that by still continuing in the confidence of the dwarf, he might have it in his power to release her from the confinement to which he knew her to be doomed in France. For which purpose, he had, after reaching London, added his testimony to that of Roger's, respecting the catastrophe of the turret, to which measure he was obliged by the dwarf, who remained in England, to watch the effect of the disastrous news, and until his brother took possession of Rosa's property. He then repaired, as has been seen, to his old residence in France; and the lad taking advantage of his absence, revealed to the trusty Roger the secret of Rosa's preservation, and the place of her concealment; while he engaged his willing assistance in setting her free from the trammels of the dwarf, in which plan he anticipated every facility that could be supposed as the result of his intimate acquaintance with the place where she then was, and where she had been born

and remained, until in an evil hour he followed the dwarf to England.

Thus determined on her emancipation, Francisco and Roger set off; Roger strong in that simple-hearted and faithful devotion perhaps almost peculiar to his nation; and Francisco with all his renovated feelings of rectitude; and, moreover, with those of the youthful lover, superadded; for Annie Sprott had made a strong and tender impression on his heart, and his taking such interest in her much aided his watchfulness of her mistress's interest. Thus, the two deliverers of Rosa arrived in the near neighbourhood of the chateau where we last parted from her; and Francisco watching his opportunity, threw, while Annie stood at the open window of the apartment that overlooked the vineyard, a written paper into it, tied to a pebble, by which she and her mistress understood that a mode of escape was contrived for them on the following night, at a late hour, when, it is needless to say, they were ready. Descending by the ladder already mentioned, they fled on horses, provided by Francisco and Roger, to the house of the father of the former, with whose new place of abode his son was well

acquainted, and where he and those whom he had thus brought with him were received; himself, as we have said, with the welcome of the prodigal son; and his guests with sympathy and kindness, which shewed itself in Jacquenette by the most unwearied attention to Rosa. Francisco had no sooner concluded this relation, than Logan requested him to bring to his presence Annie Sprott, giving him a caution, at the same time, to warn her not to mention his near proximity to Rosa. On which mission the young man immediately went.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Who thundering comes on blackest steed,
With slackened bit and hoof of speed,
Beneath the clattering irons sound,
The caverned echoes wake around,
In lash for lash, and bound for bound.
The foam that streaks the courser's side
Seems gathered from the ocean's tide.
Though weary waves are sunk to rest,
There's none within his rider's breast.

BYRON.

FRANCISCO having strictly obeyed Logan in bringing to him Annie Sprott, without alarming her mistress, he directly retired, and left them together. Annie, whose heart had glowed with the warmest gratitude toward our hero ever since their meeting in the "Ghaisty Gully," and who was aware of her mistress's feeling towards him, came to this interview with a joy which she would have felt it hard to contain within reasonable

bounds, had it not been restrained by a painful consciousness of her near consanguinity with the unhappy being who had caused our hero so much distress. This sense of injury toward him whom she considered so noble minded, prevented her from raising her eyes to his countenance, and their lids seemed weighed down by the miserable recollections, which the sight of him, and the tones of his voice, so powerfully revived, as he expressed his pleasure at seeing her look in such good health.

" I am indeed, sir, an altered creature," said Annie, " for I have been favoured far beyond my deserts; by obtaining your forgiveness and good wishes, which seemed to give me strength to suffer what I had afterwards to go through with my poor father, and by being now allowed to wait upon a dear lady, whose kindness has made my heart lighter than I believed it ever could be, and who is an angel of goodness, that deserves to be herself more happy than she is."

" Why do you say so?" said Logan, with a trepidation he could not conceal; " her strange and forcible removal from England hath certainly been but too good cause of uneasiness, but she is now

in a place of security from whence she will only remove to be once more restored to her rights. Why, then, should you suppose her still unhappy."

Annie here lifted her eyes for the first time, while she threw a timid glance toward Logan's face, as if endeavouring to read some deeper motive for these inquiries than were expressed in his words. And, reassured by the expression she found there, she went on, but with increased diffidence—

Alas!" she said, "her unhappiness seemed to have begun before I went to live with her, for I have never seen her appear gay, like the rest of the great court ladies, or like her cousin the Lady Isabella, that was always as blythe as a lark, and so fond of going to masks and balls, for they still seemed a burden to my dear lady, that loved nothing so well as to sit poring over a book, that told some melancholy tale of slighted love, or some such sad adventure."

"She knows not that I am here?" said Logan.

"O! no," returned Annie, "she dreams not of it; for I only learnt it this minute from the

young man you sent to bring me to your presence."

"I am very anxious to see your lady," said Logan, "and have therefore sent for you, that you may mention my wish to her."

"My lady," said the girl, "hath promised to the bride to look upon the pastimes of the vineyard, where she will go as soon as I return to her apartment, and you can meet her there. Meanwhile, in my poor judgment, I had better not say any thing about your being here, lest—" Annie now paused and stammered, not knowing very well how to finish the sentence which she had so unwarily begun.

"Lest what, my good girl?" said Logan, in an encouraging tone.

"Indeed sir," returned the girl, "I hardly know what I meant to say; but, I believe, I thought the surprise might be too much for her, and, perhaps, keep her from seeing you for some time; whereas, if you just walk into the arbour where she is going to sit, it will be all over at once; and, I am sure, she cannot see so good a friend too soon."

"Well," said Logan, in whom these words of

Annie caused an apprehension that he might indeed not be immediately admitted to an interview with Rosa, considering the way in which they had last parted. "Well, I will take your advice. So, now go to your lady, and I will not come in her way until I see her in the bower of which you speak."

Annie Sprott, thus dismissed from her conference with our hero, speeded to her mistress, with joy in her heart, and with steps that hardly touched the ground. Having gained the apartment where Rosa still remained as she had left her, with her eyes bent on a book that seemed to be for the time engrossing her whole attention, she eagerly entreated her to change her dress for one which was more becoming, that she might appear like herself among the expecting peasants, who had been warned that she was to grace their festival with her presence.

Rosa smiled at the idea of enhancing her beauty by wearing the clothes selected by Annie, though she gave unopposed way to her desire, as none of her habiliments at the time were other than simple and unadorned, and therefore, according to her own correct taste, in good keeping

with the scene in which she was about to mingle. And though Annie would have been better pleased if she could have had her will, and clothed her beloved mistress in more superb garments, and ornamented her with costly jewels; yet, she could not help confessing to herself, that they would have added nothing to her beauty, and that she had never seen her look half so lovely when decked for a court ball in her most sumptuous attire, as when about to descend to the vineyard She flung, at Rosa's desire, a long white veil over her head, on which she wore a French hood of amber gossamer, that set off to the greatest advantage the bright dark tresses that fell on her white forehead and neck, and which only softened, with a slight shade, that part of her luxuriant hair which it covered. Rosa had so good humouredly consented to all that her handmaiden requested of her, that her desire to be covered with the veil while passing among the crowd of rustics was unopposed by Annie, though she could not help inwardly fretting at this determination of her lady to exhibit her beauty under an eclipse.

They had no sooner, however, entered the vineyard than Rosa felt that she needed not this screen

to ward off any degree of rudeness in the bold gaze of the groups of villagers, among whom she passed; for, though all sufficiently anxious to see the great English lady, who, it was whispered among them, had been stolen away from her own country, yet their curiosity was put under such modest restraint that it could not offend, being confined to sly glances as she passed amid them to the bower. Sitting under the shade of this pleached recess, Rosa had a complete view of a space of open ground, occupied by the youngest part of the peasants, who were dancing merrily to the sound of the pipe and tabor; and Annie, asking her permission to comply with the request of Francisco, in becoming his partner, Rosa was presently left alone to contemplate the figures before her. And, while she admired the light and elastic steps with which they whirled through the merry mazes of the dance, she felt still more pleasure in viewing the happiness that seemed to emanate from every guileless countenance, as the delighted peasants gave themselves up, with their whole hearts, to the joyous excitation of their favourite amusement.

This innocent festival was entirely inartificial;

and the beauty of Jacquenette and her husband formed, in the eyes of Rosa, one of its greatest ornaments, as she recollected their story, not being ignorant of a single feature of the interesting facts of the youthful bride's temptations, frailties, and better resolves. This poor girl had been indeed greatly tempted, but she had given the preference to her rustic lover, and the prospect of a vine-clad cottage, above wealth, rank, and gorgeous palaces. Rosa therefore loved her, and saw in this choice the reality of happiness, when contrasted with all that is promised by riches, and even by that *ignis fatuus* of the excited mind, which clothes all future events with its own glowing colouring, and which, we are obliged to confess, is so illusory and unsubstantial.

Rosa sat thus, revolving in her mind many early recollections of happiness, which seemed, like musical concords, to deepen the impression of the scene before her, and to call forth every softened feeling of the soul, when Logan and his friend, following her footsteps, stood close to the arbour, where she sat concealed. Mignon, however, soon discovered his near proximity to his mistress, whom he immediately found out, and around

whom he capered, and bounded, and whined, at such an extravagant rate, that, to keep him quiet, Rosa caught him up in her arms, when nought was heard but ever and anon a low murmur of coaxing fondness from her, or a suppressed but joyful and short bark or whinge of affection from the little *comforter*.

As Logan stood thus, in such near proximity to Rosa, he grasped the arm of the Count with a motion almost convulsive, while the strong excitation of the moment flashed in his dark eyes and trembled on his quivering lips; and he seemed to be contending with a vision, where all was unreal and indistinct, and where past, present, and future were blended in one mass of inextricable confusion.

From this state of bewilderment he was, however, recalled by his friend, who quitted him for an instant to obtain a view of Rosa, by peeping through the interlacings of the plants that hid her from their sight, but who, presently returning, whispered in his ear—

"Now forbid it, all the powers of friendship, that I seek to circumvent you in the good graces of this rare divinity, of whom I have always

considered you the liege lord. But if you do not immediately settle the matter in your own favour, I shall certainly be tempted to commit an outrage on the oaths of eternal amity I have so often sworn, by speaking a few words in mine own behalf. For, methinks, the most transcendant of the prophet's houries could not be more beautiful than she is at this moment, or that the bower of Calypso could not possess more fascination than this one now contains. Therefore, he said, be persuaded to enter before I introduce myself as the friend of him who seems now to be slighting such a noble opportunity of making up for lost time."

These words were scarcely uttered, when, seizing Logan by the arm, he laughed and forced him forward to the entrance of the arbour before he had time to resist this premature motion, which, dictated by his giddy friend, at once placed him before the wondering eyes of Rosa, who, though her countenance became instantly pale, and the blood seemed to stagnate in her veins, even almost to fainting, still preserved sufficient presence of mind to return Logan's salutation more calmly than it was made, and to inquire what extraordinary accident had occasioned their meeting.

Logan replied, while much agitated, and feeling as if his heart was flying from his bosom, by giving her a short history of his singular connection with the people of the vineyard, in which he alone kept concealed the secret of the king. In the course of his little narrative, he ventured, with much trepidation, on an explanation of his feelings, when he heard of Rosa's supposed death, which report he assured her had nearly cost him his life. He then went on to explain to her, in language which every instant became more passionate, the bitter regret he had suffered for having so strongly expressed his wilfulness in regard to their betrothment, and at length informed her of the late favour shewn him by King James in the reversal of the attainder, and beseeched her to allow him a hope that he might, at some future day, be permitted to join his destiny with hers. The long devoted Rosa, now at length arrived at this wished-for point, when she heard, expressed by Logan, all that her fondest hopes had ever anticipated; yet replied, as unable to trust to her own feelings in a matter which so deeply concerned him she loved—

"Ah! deceive not yourself. Your accustom-

ed thoughts, for so many years, have been but too well defined for me not to understand them, while my own have been sufficiently explained to you, to account for your more recent feelings. You would, it is more than probable, revert again to your first impressions, when it was too late. Let us, then, avoid a fate so dreadful while it is in our power. Consider all that you have lately heard about my death as a dream. You see me here alive and in health; divest yourself, therefore, of all thought of the distress and regrets you have suffered on my account; and, believe me, when you have had time to do so, you will thank me for preventing the rash step you are now so anxious to take, by telling you that I have schooled myself into submission to what appears the will of Providence. I therefore entreat that we may remain henceforward only such friends as take the nearest interest in each other."

While Rosa spoke thus, a settled despair seemed to seize upon her faculties and her heart, for the sight of Logan had again roused all her most poignant feelings. Nothing of this, however, shewed itself in her appearance, which was that of high-minded resolve, unmixed with any such

weakness; and she so completely imposed upon her lover, that he hesitated and began to be afraid he had, in some measure, misconstrued her past conduct. Yet the very words she had now uttered might still admit of a distant hope, that a time would come, when, having proved by his constancy that she had mistaken the present nature of his feelings, he might yet make her his wife; and he at length replied, after a pause of some time, during which he gazed dubiously upon her—

"Alas! could you but, for one moment, see what are the decided wishes of my heart, and could you comprehend what have been the sufferings which so lately brought me to the brink of madness, you could not talk thus—you could not seek to deprive me of hope, and to reduce me again to the same wretched state from which I am but just emerged."

The confirmation given to Logan's picture of his late painful struggles, by his sunk eyes and pallid features, was too strong to be mistaken; and as she looked more earnestly on him while he thus spoke, she found it impossible entirely to restrain the relentings of her heart, and she said, while the

sympathy expresssed in her countenance once more inspired our hero with hope—

"Forgive me if I am indeed mistaken with regard to what I think may probably be your after feelings, for this meeting has been so unexpected, that I am not prepared to answer you as I perhaps ought on so momentous a subject. Let us take a little time to recollect ourselves—do not attempt to see me for ten days. I shall write to Sir Robert Carey, and warn him that I intend remaining here for a few weeks, where I can be in safety recruited from my late fatigues of body and mind, and, when you see me again, we shall each have more maturely considered this matter, on which the peace of our whole lives must rest. Farewell, then, for the present," she said, as she rose and left the arbour, with a sweet smile and a wave of her hand, which debarred him from accompanying her; and which injunction, though he caught the hand and fervently kissed it, he strictly obeyed, following her light and graceful figure alone with his eyes, until having gained the cottage he was doomed to lose sight of her for a time, which he considered, in his present state of mind, as quite interminable.

The everlasting ages of lovers come, however, at length to an end, like the periods of time in the history of more every-day people, and the day arrived on which it may have been anticipated there was no longer any bar to the happiness of Logan.

During his short time of probation, he received the unlooked-for and welcome news from Scotland, that his uncle, whom our readers may remember we mentioned in the beginning of this story as him of whom our hero had always been supposed the heir, had at length, on hearing of the reversal of attainder, left him his property, which, from the recent death of the old man, was now his own.

We shall not here describe the next meeting of the lovers, the arguments of Rosa so satisfactorily refuted by Logan, or their subsequent walks through the moonlight vineyard in the fair and beautiful climate where they tarried. Suffice it to say, that, during these walks, it was agreed between them, that, after having informed Sir Robert and Lady Carey of their intention, their marriage should take place in France, and that it should be solemnized at the cottage of the vineyard. Their nuptials accordingly took place shortly afterwards under the auspices of the benevolent Duke of

Sully, who had, without scruple, promised the dismissal of Logan from the King's Guards, in which promise he was borne out by his royal master. This excellent and venerable nobleman, with whom our hero had grown more and more into favour, brought his own private chaplain to officiate in performing the ceremony that united, in the same destiny for life, her who had so many years been governed by the enthusiasm of love's highest sentiments, with him who now amply repaid her by his more newly awakened, but not less strong attachment.

Nor were there wanting, in this union of souls, many of the prudential motives which, in their circumstances, might have swayed the worldly minded; for Logan, of ancient family, was now once more the owner of a large property, which, though infinitely less than that which had been confiscated, still descended to him from one of his father's house; which, joined with his restored privileges and fame, made him a fitting match for the proudest of his countrywomen. It was also advisable and convenient that some one standing in the relation of husband to Rosa, should take the necessary steps for bringing

to condign punishment the author of that deep plot by which she had been brought from her own country, and supplanted in her rights by Lord Algerton. Though, had they known all that had happened, and that the death of him who was the usurper of Rosa's property had been almost immediately followed by the decease also of his elfish brother, much anxiety would have been spared them from the anticipation of the disagreeable measures it might be necessary to adopt in recovering her rights: For we are now to relate, that the deformed wretch, who, from his birth, had proved a thorn in the sides of all who were in any measure connected with him, met his doom on the night after the murder of his brother. Immediately after the execution of that bloody deed, having secured to himself a horse from the stables of the castle, he had fled, like the first murderer, pursued by the demon of despair, and filled with ungovernable rage and disappointment at having been thus led, unintentionally, to commit a crime which had darkened all his future prospects of aggrandisement, and by which he had deprived himself, at length, of that complete harvest of revenge for which his soul had thirsted, and rendered un-

available all the bitterness and all the crimes that had stained his existence, and turned his very life-blood into gall and verjuice. This unlooked-for aggravation of his former load of evils he was totally unprepared to bear, and he reached the sea-coast as if whipt on by scorpions, intending to go on board the first vessel he might meet with, no matter for what port it was bound, trusting to his own cunning to elude any search that might be made after him. Having made for the little town of Eyemouth, formerly mentioned, he there saw a Dutch vessel, which, having landed her cargo of spirits, had again gone out to sea, but was unable to quit the bay on account of a sudden swell of the waters, and a contrary wind that sprung up, after her quitting the harbour. To this vessel, which lay not more than three miles from land, the dwarf prevailed on four fishermen, by dint of a large bribe, to convey him in their boat. The elements seemed, however, combined to oppose his wish; for no sooner had the boat left the shore, than the rain descended in torrents, the thunder rolled, and the forked lightning played around them, like a terrific messenger of Heaven, commissioned to subdue the obdurate

heart of Humphrey Algerton, so long deaf to the voice of nature and of conscience. It is in vain that we are told of those flinty bosoms, and callous minds, that withstand to the last the appeals of Omnipotent power. Such seeming insensibility may be the portion of the most hardened of our species; but who shall know the secret workings of the heart under such fearful circumstances? Alas! when the most innocent, who ever played their part on this world of vanity and sorrow, have, in passing the portal to the land of mystery and silence, given sign of inward terror and dismay, what must be the overwhelming fears, and the horrible and dark contemplations of that dreadful obscurity into which the revengeful and the deep-stained soul is about to pass!

This seeming obduracy was indeed inseparable from the character of the dwarf. And the poor fishermen, as they eyed him, where he sat rolled up in his cloak, in the stern of the boat, now silently looking up to the cloud from which the lightning issued, and now on the stormy sea, that lay between him and the vessel, expressed their belief, that he was much less affected than them-

selves by the danger that surrounded them,—a danger, the sense of which every moment broke from them in unrestrained cries of alarm.

Nor was their fear without foundation, for the boat, being tossed and driven by the furious elements, was at length overset, when its owners perished, and he alone who had caused their miserable fate, caught its side, while turned with the bottom upwards, on which he mounted, and rode out a dark and stormy night, until the first light of the morning shewed him the vessel he had attempted to reach, lying a stranded wreck upon the neighbouring rocks.

This night of horror had done the work of a thousand years of purgatory on the soul of the dwarf. All his atrocities had passed, like horrible phantoms, before him. Nay, even the very ghosts of Sprott and his brother, had seemed to upbraid him, and assail his vindictive and stubborn spirit, while, in its hardihood, it almost cried out—

" What man dare, I dare.
" Approach thou like the rugged Russian bear,
" The armed rhinoceros, or the Hyrcan tiger,
" Take any shape but that, and my firm nerves
" Shall never tremble——— "

Yet the shadowy land of obscurity seemed near, and who of mortal birth shall withstand such harbingers as now announced it to the stricken spirit of this extraordinary but fallible being?

Seeing no help near, as at length the shattered boat approached nearer to the shore, and dreading that each wave, that carried it on with the new force of an advancing tide, would presently throw it, like the vessel, on some rock, whose sharp points, eddying waters, or broken surf, might at once cut off all hope, he plunged into the abyss of waters, and, being cast on the shore, was picked up by those who, tempted by the prospect of gain, first ventured to make use of the morning light in trying to reach the wreck. The benumbing influence of the night breeze—the coldness of the water—the fatiguing exertions of body to which he had been subjected—and, above all, perhaps the agony of his mind, had prevailed against him even unto death. Little now remains to be told of him, except that he expired amidst undescribable torments of body and spirit, after the people among whom he had fallen had done all in their power to save the life of the being, whom, had they been as well acquainted with him as our

readers, they would, in that superstitious age, have left to his fate, lest they should, by their exertions, prolong the existence of one sent on earth, by the arch enemy of mankind, to ensnare their souls.

All the endeavours of these kind people were, however, fruitless, in averting the death which shortly overtook him; and he was buried within a few days at the door of that very vault where he first tempted the unfortunate Sprott.

CHAPTER XXIV.

All the worlds a stage,
And all the men and women merely players.
They have their exits and their entrances.

SHAKESPEARE.

WE have now left the lillied fields of France, with her sunny hills and forest slopes—her clustering vines—soft breezes and light-hearted natives, to transport our readers along with Rosa, her husband, and the Count D'Aubigné, to the more sterile climate of the thistle and pine, but still in time to catch the expiring tints of autumn on her heath-clad mountains, and the beauty of the mixed and variegated foliage of her wooded valleys. Many recollections crowded to the minds of Rosa and Logan, on reaching once more the land of their nativity; and when at length they

arrived at their own domain, and the towers of the old castle came in view, it is impossible to tell what were the feelings of Rosa. The dreamy reminiscences of this solitary hold, with its lofty battlements and turrets, its grey walls, its neighbouring high trees, sheltered by the low and flat situation, and every marked and towering hill of the adjacent Lammermuirs, all came upon her awakened recollections. Yet when they more nearly approached this domicil of her ancestors, Rosa felt a chill which, in some measure, communicated itself to her companions; for an air of desolation seemed to pervade the habitation of her future hopes. The shutters of most of the under windows were closed, and when they arrived at the principal entrance, no one seemed to wait in expectation of the arrival of guests; and the usual signals had more than once resounded on the heavy iron-studded door of the hall before the sound of footsteps awakened the silence, and it was thrown open to admit its liege lady.

Meanwhile, however, the poor disconsolate Isabella had heard the clamorous appeal for admittance, and from a near window beheld those who

made it. She flew toward the great hall, but, unable to go further, stood at its upper end, without power to proceed. It was here that her husband's corpse had rested, previous to its being removed to its last abode, with all that funeral pomp which his seeming rank and fortune demanded, in an age when the rights of sepulture were rendered to such as were thus distinguished, with all the imposing "circumstance" and magnificence which the attendance of numbers and their most solemn carousals could bestow: For then the drinking of the "dregy," or devoted draining of the funeral-cup, was considered as the *duty* of affection, imposed on every true friend of the deceased, which none gifted with such legitimate title might forego. It is not, however, of Lord Algerton we now mean to speak, but of his fair and youthful widow, who, dressed in the deepest weeds, was absorbed in all her feelings of distress and abasement, as the supplanter, on the very floor where she stood, of that dear friend and relation who had ever supplied to her the place of her lost friends, and whose unwearied affection had been so long the solace of her life. For this much she had learned from Rosa, who had written from France, to tell her she was still

alive, and from Sir Robert Carey, whose letter necessarily explained more fully the part her late husband had acted. Yet the appearance of her whom she had been so long accustomed to consider as a second self, and who had again returned to treat her with unabated affection, gave her for the moment that strength which had brought her thus far, but which sufficed not longer to support her feeble frame. For she was no sooner embraced by Rosa than she fainted in her arms, and was conveyed to a seat by Logan and the Count D'Aubigné, the latter of whom being already made acquainted with her disastrous history, now regarded her with all the interest of a sympathetic heart. But when she began to revive, and her pale cheeks to be tinted with the hues of life, and her large and soft eyes of deep blue to open in all their dove-like expression on the face of her cousin, like one who had dreamed, during a transitory vision, of those she loved best, the Count's heart was stricken; and from that moment he beheld her with a far different feeling from that with which he had as yet ever regarded woman. But a short time was now required to develope to Isabella much of the formerly unknown history of

her late husband, by which she learned the cruel and dishonest part that he had acted toward his extraordinary brother, nor could she be without her suspicions that he had connived at the removal of her cousin.

These convictions did their silent work upon her heart, and deep humiliation was the consequence, as she reflected on her late perversity in the choice of a partner. But when our young friend the Count again returned to Scotland late in the following summer, and still repeated with his bright black eyes what they had often told her before, and at length took courage to make known his hopes and wishes by an unequivocal declaration, she listened to him with the full approval of her friends, and an inward assurance of future felicity, which she had in vain endeavoured to feel when wedding with Lord Algerton.

The cheeks of Isabella were now no longer pale, or her eyes tearful, and she again became, with a more chastened spirit, somewhat of the smiling buoyant being she had been; and the beauty that had faded like that of a flower deprived of the dews of heaven, again expanded in renewed brightness

The Count d'Aubigné had a sufficiency of romance in his disposition to excuse the folly which had prompted the first choice of Isabella, while, from his unwearied attentions, and the constant proofs he gave of his disinterested love, in ever preferring her pleasure to his own, she could not help drawing a comparison, much to his advantage, between him and the being who, having equally professed to love her, still seemed never to lose sight of his own will or his own gratification. She thus, shortly after their union, gladly attended her husband to France, where her disposition and pursuits not only well assimilated with his, but also with those of his countrymen; though she ever joyfully hailed those meetings, which occurred at distant intervals, between her and Rosa.

Annie Sprott, whom Rosa left behind her as the wife of Francisco, was cherished by old Nicholas, during the remainder of his life, with the greatest affection, and soon became mistress of the cottage, on the husband of Jacquenette being put in possession of another vineyard by means of his wife's ample dowry.

short by assassination, and that of his promising and youthful namesake, the Prince of England, being also terminated soon afterwards by a sudden de[illegible]

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Old Roger returned to his ancient occupation on the hills of his nativity; for Logan, shortly after his arrival in Scotland, effected an exchange between the property left him by his uncle and the lands of Fastcastle, which were nearly contiguous to those of his wife; and which, though comparatively but a small portion of his late possessions, were now doubly dear to him. There Roger, re-instated in all his boasted consequence, received the orders which his lady was scrupulous in giving to himself alone, for the striking of a deer or the felling of an ox. On occasion of such meetings, he never failed to caress the little Mignon, whom he still looked upon as having co-operated, together with his own wit, in bringing about the union that had left his attached and contented heart nothing more to wish on this side the grave—save that the treasure before spoken of might be one day recovered.

We can now add nothing to the history of those who have figured in these pages, excepting the lamented and well-known facts of the deaths of its two most illustrious personages; the glorious career of the monarch of France being in 1610 cut